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The Ring is a magazine which a man can take home with him. He can leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

From Molineaux to Dempsey

History of Heavyweight Title Competition in the United States

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

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HEAVYWEIGHT competition in America, which has come hurtling into public notice through the Dempsey-Tunney match, is traced to the days before the Revolution, and the first big boxers of note were negroes. While we did not have a recognized heavyweight champion on this side until 1809, when Tom Molineaux scaled such fistic heights as were to be scaled here, Tom's father, and his grandfather, were unofficial leaders in the prize ring long before Lexington and Concord.

The Molineaux line took its name from the family which owned the Virginia plantation on which the negroes labored. In 1809 Tom became a freed man and moved to New York, where he announced himself as the American heavyweight champion and invited challenges. He had three fights there and won them all with ease, but unfortunately the public prints of the day did not think very much of boxing and neglected the names of the negro's opponents.

Some of the boxing records credit Bill Richmond, a negro born on Staten Island, now part of New York City, with having been the first recognized champion on this side. However, while Richmond was born here he developed in England, whither Lord Percy, who was a general in the British forces around New York during the Revolution, took him as a body servant.

Richmond Handled Molineaux

RICHMOND was in England while Molineaux gained the title in America, and when Tom went to London in 1810 to challenge Tom Cribb for the world's title Richmond took the Virginia black in hand. Molineaux lost to Cribb twice, after having forced the Briton out of retirement, and then began to hit the high spots. He died in Ireland in 1818, penniless.

Many of the boxing records name Jacob Hyer, of New York, as the first official heavyweight champion of America, and a good many designate his son, Tom, as the first man to gain undisputed possession of the laurels on this side of the Atlantic. While there are innumerable volumes dealing with the history of the English ring, there isn't a single book on the history of boxing in this country, and as a result there is a startling lack of definite information.

The fact is that there was a recognized heavyweight champion here even before Jacob Hyer, and he was Tom Beasley. With Molineaux abroad, Beasley claimed the title and defended it against five other claimants. In 1816 Jacob Hyer challenged Beasley and beat him, and thus brought the title to New York.

Hyer Disliked Ring

JACOB HYER did not have a very strong taste for the ring, and this feeling later came out in his son, Tom, as well. Jacob did not have many fights. There was a great hue and cry against boxing in this country and it was next to impossible to stage a battle. The police chased the battlers from State to State, so that Jacob finally retired.

On January 1, 1819, Tom Hyer was born on the lower west side in New York and when the lad was only twelve his father began to teach him the tricks of hit and get away. Tom was a big lad and didn't like fighting. He was more eager about his work as a tanner, but Jacob insisted that the boy win the title.

And win it he did. He defeated "Country" McCloskey for the championship in a vicious bare knuckle encounter at Caldwell's Landing, N. Y. It went 101 rounds. Hyer stood six feet two inches and weighed 176 pounds, while McCloskey scaled at 160. Contrary to general belief, our heavyweights of the old days weren't burly, beefy men.

Hyer had only two fights of prominence. Eight years after beating McCloskey he defended the title against "Yankee" Sullivan. It was for $10,000 a side—a tremendous sum in those days—and Hyer won in sixteen rounds. This bout was fought at Rock Point, Md., on June 10, 1849, and lasted only seventeen minutes eighteen seconds.

Tom Had to Retire

THIS quick and decisive triumph over Sullivan made Hyer so supreme that nobody else would fight him. So in 1849 he retired and Sullivan claimed the championship. Hyer died in 1864.

Sullivan defended the title for four years and lost it on a bit of "dirty work" to John Morrisey, one of the most colorful figures in the world history of boxing. Morrisey was a professional brawler. Later he became the outstanding bookmaker and gambler of this country, and had a hand in the founding of the Saratoga race track. He became a politican as well, and got himself elected to Congress. Morrisey never refused a bet, nor did he ever ignore a chance to get into a rough and tumble fight.

It was on October 12, 1853, that Morrissey took the championship away from Sullivan, at Long Point, Canada. The scrap went thirty-seven rounds and Sullivan had the battle all the way but Morrisey had the bigger delegation. The Morrisey gang started a brawl outside the ring and managed to get Sullivan from the roped arena.

Sullivan was surrounded so that when time was called he could not return to the ring and the title went to Morrisey. Early ring history is replete with such delectable bits of trickery.

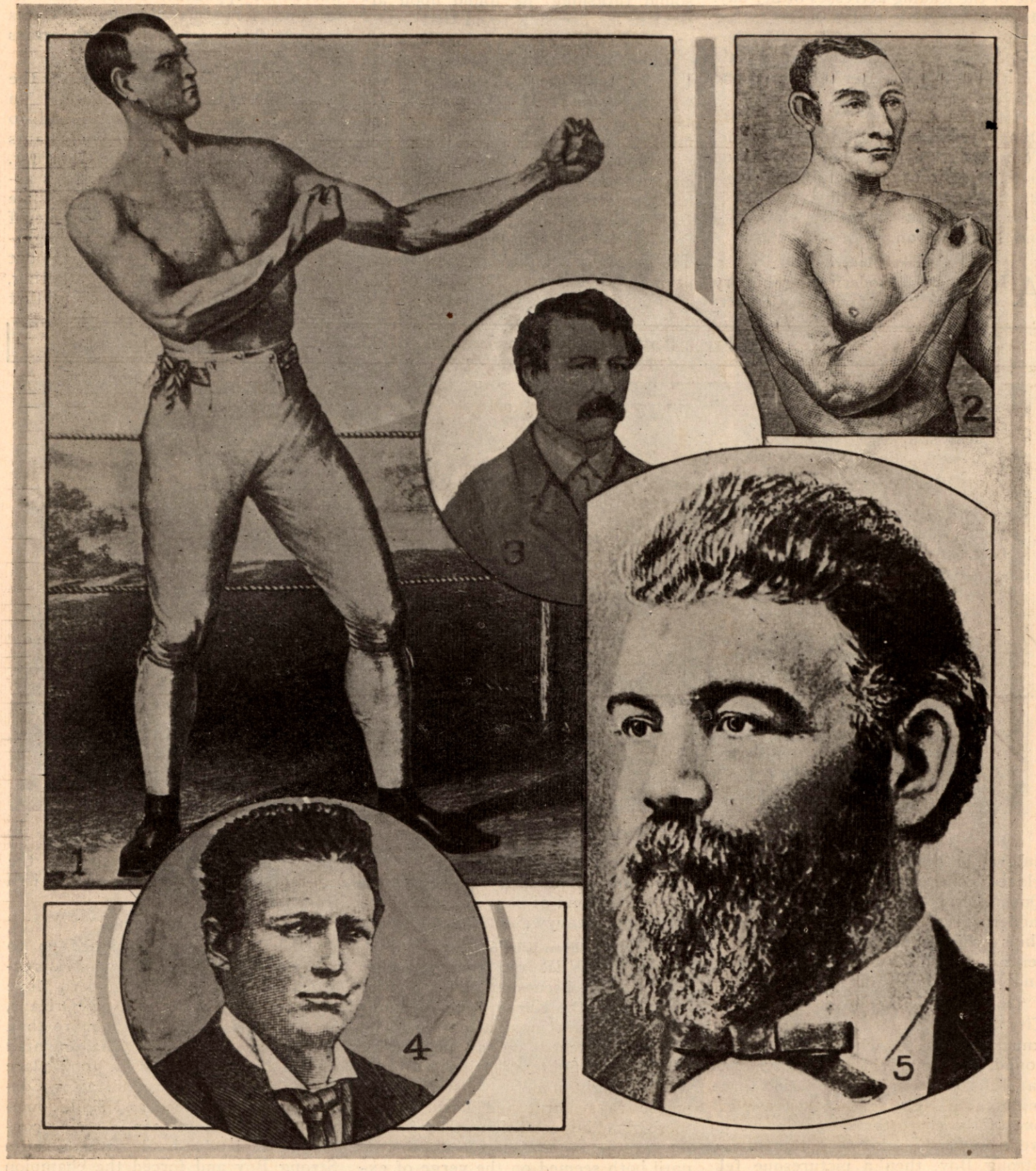
The Morrisey-Sullivan affair was followed by a series of disputes over the title. Dominick Bradley claimed the championship, but after beating S. S. Rankin in 1857 quit the ring.

Heenan Takes Role

THEN came one of the greatest fighters we have had—John C. Heenan, of Troy, N. Y. He challenged Morrisey and they had it out in 1858, Morrisey winning in eleven rounds. Heenan immediately challenged again, but Morrisey would have no more of the rough and tough customer from Troy and surrendered his title to him.

Heenan was our second heavyweight to go abroad in quest of the world's title. Just as Molineaux had gone over to fight Cribb, so did Heenan, in 1860, go to England to battle Tom Sayers. Heenan won, but the fight was stopped after forty-two rounds—two hours and twenty minutes of fierce combat—at Farnborough, England. It was declared a draw. Americans became so aroused

First U. S. Champion and his Successors



1—*Tom Hyer, crowned first titleholder of this country;* 2—*Yankee Sullivan, Hyer's opponent in initial championship bout;* 3—*John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy;* 4—*James Elliott,* 1865; 5—*John Morrissey,* 1858. *Morrissey, after retiring, served in Congress.*

by what they called an outrage and an international robbery that some of the boys in New York wanted to declare war on England.

Heenan married Ada Isaacs Menken, one of the leading actresses of her day. He quit the ring and took to racing trotters against Commodore Vanderbilt, Frank Work and the rest of New York's aristocracy after the war of the States.

After Heenan came Joe Coburn, Jim Dunn, Jimmy Elliot, Mike McCoole, Tom Allen, Jem Mace and then Joe Goss. The situation was full of wrangling and little good fighting.

This brings us up to the eighties—and Paddy Ryan.

First Great Modern Bout

ALTHOUGH modern ring history does not begin until the Corbett-Sullivan battle at new Orleans, the first glove contest under Marquis of Queensberry rules, the first of the modern great heavyweight championships which gained international attention, as that between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan.

This battle, fought at Mississippi City on June 7, 1882 was a vicious bare knuckle contest which lasted nine rounds. A round in those days was far different from our regulation three minutes of fighting. It lasted until one of the contestants was floored or went down. For that bout the Boston Strong Boy, then a picturesque fellow of massive muscular development, weighed 190 pounds to 180 for his opponent. So tremendous were the wallops which John L. landed on the Tipperary Giant, that Ryan's jaw was broken in two places.

Luck seemed to go against Paddy that day, for in addition to taking a sound thrashing, he found upon arrival in his dressing room that someone had stolen all his belongings, including his clothes containing $300. That fight was the making of Sullivan, whose fame spread to the four corners of the fistic world, and made him the most popular ring idol of the day.

Although the Boston Strong Boy engaged in many sensational bare knuckle contests between 1882 and 1889, including his famous thirty-nine round draw at Chantilly, France, with Charley Mitchell, his greatest battle prior to his defeat at the hands of Jim Corbett, was that with Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889. That bout, which Sullivan won in 75 rounds, marked the end of bare knuckle fighting for the heavyweight championship.

Sullivan-Kilrain Tilt

WHENEVER old timers gather for a discussion of big battles of the past, the Kilrain-Sullivan tilt is certain to gain most attention. The ring was pitched on an open field, where the fighters, stripped to the waist, fought under a blistering sun whose rays burnt the flesh. Under these gruelling conditions, they fought for two hours and eighteen minutes until both seemed on the verge of exhaustion.

So tense was that fight, that neither would give an inch of ground until both were arm weary, blood stained and ready to crumple. Kilrain proposed to stop the fight and declare it a draw, but Sullivan replied to this suggestion with a terrific blow that floored his opponent. Then, when Kilrain no longer could stand it, his seconds threw a towel into the grass Ring and the bout was ended.

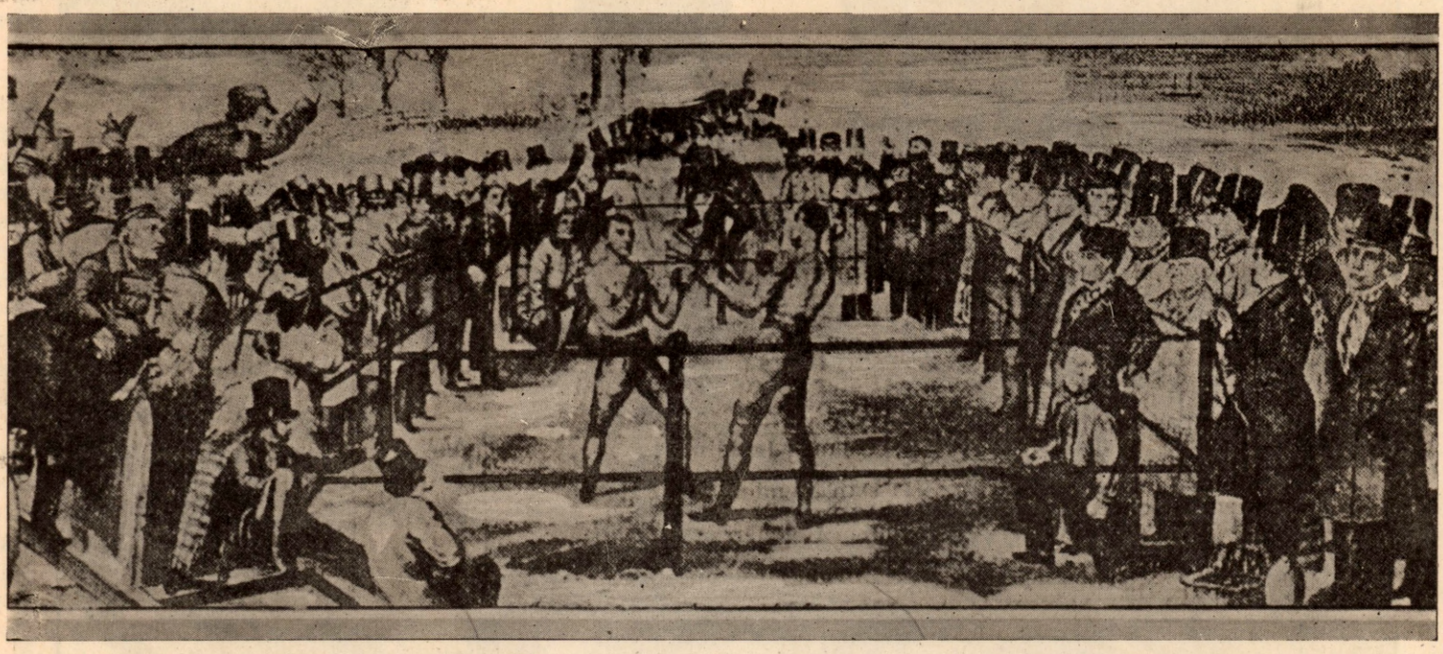
The Sullivan-Kilrain battle, like the Tunney-Dempsey tlt, was one in which innumerable obstacles had to be overcome before the contestants were able to square off. The Governor, legislators and the sheriff and his assistants employed every possible means to stop the bout. The sheriff arrived on the scene just as the fighters were ready to toe the mark, but when he saw the menacing gathering, and heard the ring leaders shout that the wish of the fans was that the fight go on, he and his posse retired from the scene.

Corbett Wins Title

SULLIVAN'S crown passed on to James J. Corbett in what is recorded as the first of the modern glove contests, in a battle at New Orleans, September 7, 1892, a little more than thirty-four years ago. The downfall of the Immortal John L. took place in the twenty-first round, after Corbett's amazing speed and skill, something never before seen in a ring contest, completely baffled the Boston Strong Boy and forced the champion on the defensive.

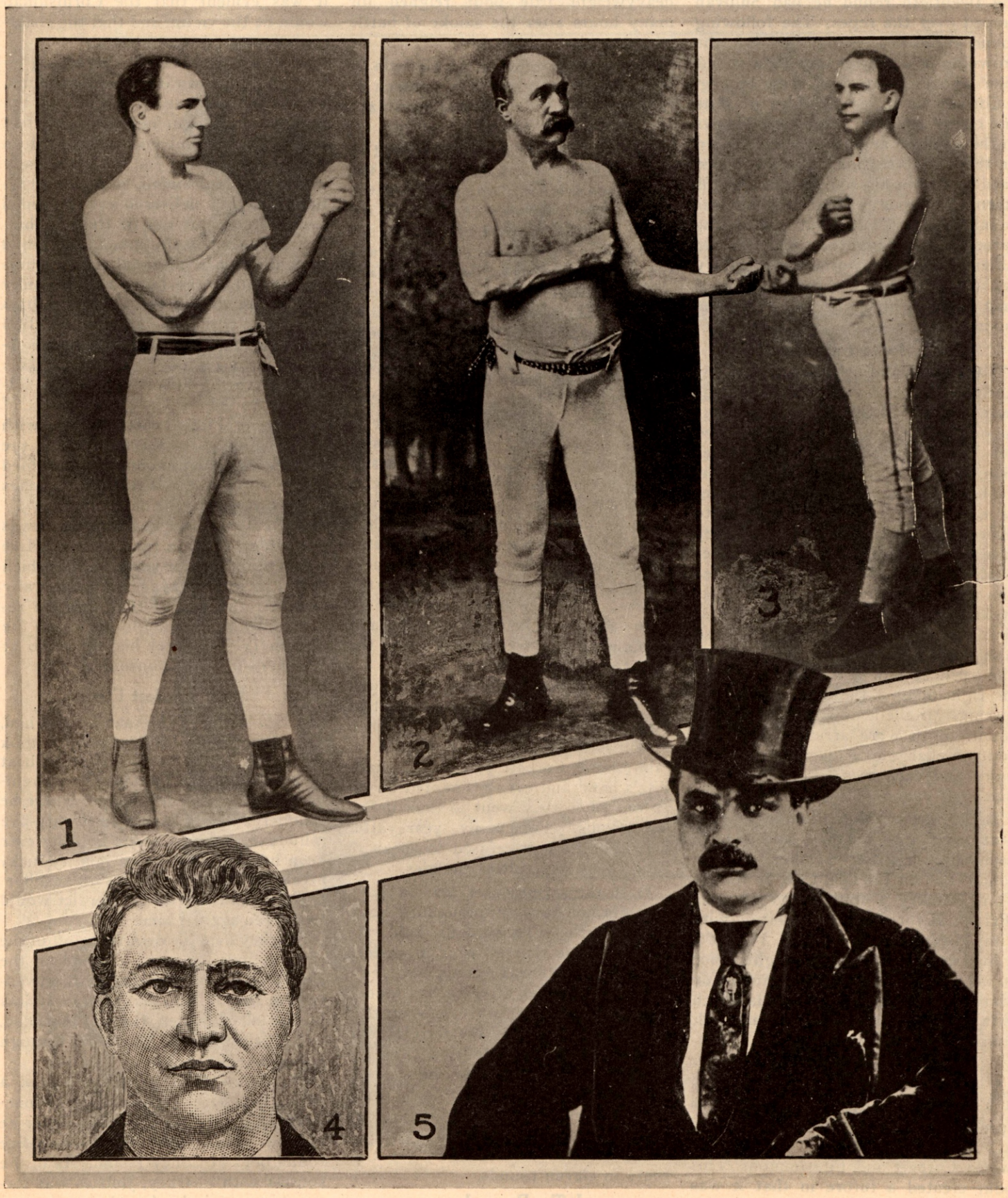
Sullivan proved a mark for the former bank clerk, who danced in an

First Battle for Championship of U. S.



When Tom Hyer fought James (Yankee) Sullivan, June 26, 1864.

Famous Bare Knuckle Day Champions



1—*Joe Coburn,* 1863; 2—*Tom Allen,* 1869; 3—*Joe Gross,* 1879; 4—*Mike McCoole,* 1866; 5—*Jem Mace,* 1862. *These five wielded a wicked punch in their day. Of the quintet, Mace was most widely known.*

out, peppered the Bay Stater's face with rapier like thrusts and virtually stood the champion on his head. Corbett, through his elusiveness, was able to pick openings almost at will and in the twentieth round he had Sullivan draped over the ropes. The following round ended proceedings and saw the crowning of a new champion, a champion who originated scientific boxing.

Corbett uncorked a series of lefts and rights, smashed several hard blows to the stomach and beat Sullivan down in that fatal session. John L. tried hard to regain his equilibrium, but his strength was not there and he was counted out. That bout ended the career of the greatest ring idol in America or even world fistic history and elevated to the throne a type of man who completely revolutionized boxing.

Few Bouts for Corbett

CORBETT did little fighting of any consequence while champion. On January 25, 1894, sixteen months after deposing Sullivan, Corbett knocked out Charley Mitchell, British champion, in three rounds at Jacksonville.

There was considerable enmity between the pair and Corbett refused to shake hands with Mitchell when they entered the ring. He went after Mitchell from the start and handed him an unmerciful beating. Corbett broke Mitchell's nose in the third session and then dropped him. Mitchell rose gamely, only to have Gentleman Jim rush at him again, and battered his right against the sore nose again, forcing Mitchell down for the full count. Both were arrested after the bout on charge of engaging in a prize fight, and each was forced to pay a fine.

In September of that same year he beat one Peter Courtney, said to have been his sparring partner, in six rounds and on June 24, 1896, he fought Tom Sharkey a four round draw in 'Frisco. A three round exhibition with Jim McVey in December 14, 1896, wound up his championship fights prior to his battle with Bob Fitzsimmons on March 17, 1897 at Carson City in which Fitz won the title in the fourteenth round.

Fitz-Corbett Battle

A HEAVYWEIGHT battle which had for its thrills and novel features surpassed probably any staged in American ring history was that between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. This bout created a furore in that it was the first in American history in which the title went to a foreigner, the first at which women were present, the first in which movie rights were sold and the first in this country in which the so-called solar plexus blow was landed. In addition, it was one in which confusion such as seldom has attended a heavyweight title bout reigned for many hours after the smoke of battle had cleared.

Corbett was relieved of his title in the fourteenth round with a punch in the pit of the stomach that paralyzed him.

Fitzsimmons for a time appeared to be on the losing end, especially in the sixth round, when Corbett floored the Cornishman. Bob weighed 167 to 183 for Corbett, yet despite this weight advantage Gentleman Jim seemed to lack the sleep-producing wallop, while Fitz, with remarkable recuperative powers, regained his confidence and tore into his opponent with fury as the bout progressed.

The Solar Plexus

IT was in that fourteenth session that ring history was created, when Fitz cut loose with what became famous as the solar plexus blow. Fitz sprang from his corner, cut loose with several hard body punches and crashed a terrific right over Corbett's heart. He then followed this with a shift and a smashing left hook to the pit of the stomach. Corbett staggered and crumpled to the canvas. His face bore the look of agony and try as he would he could not gain sufficient power to rise before the fatal count was completed.

When Corbett finally came to he was full of fight. He tried hard to get at Fitz to resume the battle, and then fought off his friends who tried to calm him. Corbett refused to shake Fitz's hand and even attempted to get at him when they went to their dressing rooms. For many years after that bout Corbett refused to speak to Fitz. They were bitter enemies.

With the exception of Marvin Hart, who did not have an unqualified claim to the title, Fitzsimmons held the crown for the shortest time in modern ring history. It was exactly two years and three months after he had landed his famous solar plexus on Corbett that Fitz was laid low by the terrific body punches of James J. Jeffries, the California boiler-maker. The honor was knocked from Freckled Bob's muscular shoulders on June 9, 1899, in their memorable bout at Coney Island, Jeffries being declared the winner by the k. o. route in eleven rounds.

Jeff's Ruggedness

JEFFRIES, whose astounding ruggedness and hefty wallop made him one of the most feared heavyweights of modern times, pounded Fitz into submission with blows that left their mark on Ruby Bob and virtually ended his career. As early as the second round it was evident that the Cornishman would be the victim and that the championship would change hands.

A wallop that landed with telling effect put Fitz down in the second round, but as in the case with Corbett, the freckled Australian jumped to his feet after a short count and entered into a whirlwind attack. Jeffries, practically immune to punishment, accepted everything that Fitz delivered and this aided to take the heart out of Ruby Bob.

Fitz continued the attack but found his California rival equal to the emergency, and in the tenth round Lanky Bob began to weaken. Twice Jeffries connected with punches that put Bob down in that session, but on each occasion he was able to arise and save himself from a knockout. In the following round, however, a series of drives over Fitz's heart followed with lefts and rights to the face, ended the contest, and the announcer proclaimed to the world a new champion, in James J. Jeffries, of California.

The career of the new champion was a notable one. He remained in active competition for five years during which period he was always open to meet any one. At the end of that time he retired, only to be brought back into the ring in 1910 to meet his Waterloo at the hands of Jack Johnson.

Jeff's Hardest Fight

THE hardest fight that Jeffries had, according to his own version, took place only three months after he beat Fitz for the title. That was on November 3, 1899, at Coney Island, where he conquered Tom Sharkey in twenty-five rounds of the most hectic fighting ever seen in a ring. It was a mighty lucky break for Jeffries that he broke Sharkey's ribs, otherwise the verdict would have been against him.

Sharkey held his own with Jeff in the early rounds, and had a shade on the champion when they entered the twenty-first session. However, Sharkey was in bad shape when the battle ended, and Jeffries retained his laurels through the referee's decision.

On April 6, 1900, Jeffries scored a one-round knockout over Jack Finnegan in Detroit, and five weeks later he tackled Jim Corbett in a twenty-five round bout at Coney Island. As in the contest with Sharkey, Jeffries was fortunate to retain his laurels.

Corbett in that bout came nearer to regaining the championship than did

Boston Strong Boy and Man He Beat

John L. Sullivan, most feared boxer in modern ring history and Paddy Ryan (right) who was vanquished in 8 rounds at Mississippi City, 1882. This battle was the most advertised contest for the heavyweight championship up to that time.

Firpo in taking the crown from Dempsey when he put Jack through the ropes. Corbett had the better of the milling up to the twenty-third round, when his legs gave way and he took a wallop on the jaw that sent him out.

Beats Gus Ruhlin

THE following year Jeffries won from Hank Griffin in four rounds, knocked out Joe Kennedy in two and landed the haymaker on Gus Ruhlin in five. Then came a return bout with Bob Fitzsimmons at San Francisco on July 25, 1902. This was three years after their first meeting and the Boilermaker put the finishing touches to this tilt three rounds sooner than in their first meeting.

Fitz outboxed Jeffries throughout this bout, but the champion proved that he could take it as well as give, and this, combined with the tremendous advantage in weight, turned the trick for Jeffries. Jeff weighed 220 for this bout to 162 for Fitz. In the deciding round Jeff connected with a hard left smash to Ruby Bob's jaw and followed that with a terrible left to the stomach that doubled Fitz in his tracks and ended the bout. Though badly staggered, he attempted to arise, but the strength was gone and he sank to the canvas for the count of the doleful decimal.

Knocks Out Corbett

THAT Jeffries feared no one is evident from the fact that he gave another former champion, Jim Corbett, a second try at the title, this second bout taking place on August 13, 1903, at San Francisco, but in this encounter Jeff did not find it necessary to travel twenty-three rounds. He knocked Gentleman Jim out in the tenth. Jeffries, with his 225 pounds against Corbett's 185, proved entirely too strong for the former title holder. Corbett's seconds threw in the sponge as the one-time bank clerk was being counted out.

Corbett went down several times before the fatal blow was delivered. In the fourth he toppled under an onslaught of lefts and rights, and again in the sixth session. The final knockdown came as the result of a terrific riffle shot stomach blow.

The following year, in 1904, Jeff stopped Jack Munro in two rounds on the coast, and in 1905 he retired and turned over his crown to Marvin Hart after the latter had defeated Jack Root in twelve rounds at Reno, Nev. That paved the way for the triumph of Tommy Burns in a twenty-round decision bout at Los Angeles, February 23, 1906, for the championship, bringing fistic history up to the present era.

Jeffries Retires

JEFFRIES, regarded by many as the kingpin of modern heavyweights, after giving the former title holders an opportunity to regain their lost laurels, found, like Alexander, that he had no more world's to conquer and in 1905 he decided to retire. He arranged a contest between Marvin Hart and Jack Root at Reno on July 3, 1895, and when Hart knocked out Root in twelve rounds Jeffries, who refereed the bout, awarded the world's heavyweight championship to the winner to defend it against all comers.

Hart, who was generally recognized as the champion on February 3, 1906, lost a twenty-round decision to Tommy Burns at Los Angeles, and Burns, to clinch his claim to the crown, took on Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who disputed Burns' right to the title, and Tommy gained a twenty-round verdict over him in Los Angeles in 1907. Bill Squires then came to the fore with a challenge and Burns disposed of him in two minutes and eight seconds in a bout at Colma, Cal.

Burns was enjoying the fruit of his victories while Lil John Arthur Johnson, a Galveston negro, who had been hot on the trail of Jeffries and other star white boxers, hurled challenge after challenge at the new titleholder. All were ignored and Johnson and his manager trailed Burns all over the United States and Europe and then followed him on to Australia, where they finally cornered him into a match. In all Johnson, who was met with the same rebuffs that Harry Wills has encountered in his challenges to Jack Dempsey, travelled more than 30,000 miles to obtain a crack at the title.

Johnson's Christmas Present

IT was on Christmas Day, 1908, that the burly negro received a present in the form of a crown. He clashed with Burns at Sydney, Australia, and so badly did he punish the champion that the police stepped into the ring and stopped the bout in the fourteenth round. No champion, with the possible exception of Jess Willard, received more of a pummelling than did Burns. Johnson, to even matters with his adversary for his refusel to give him a bout previously, taunted and tantalized Burns throughout the contest. From the ninth round up Johnson rained rights and lefts to Burns' face and body, and with eyes puffed, jaw swollen, ribs badly battered and stomach aching, Burns presented a pitiful sight.

Uttering mock encouragement, frequently showing his white teeth with his golden smile, taunting Burns with dares to attack him, the negro would ease matters for a few seconds, then fly at his opponent like a cornered tiger and hammer away unmercifully. With the champion tottering the police intervened and a new title holder was crowned.

Coming back to America, Johnson was hailed by his race with banquets and fetes. No sooner did he reach the American shore than promoters throughout the country began to seek a white opponent to regain the title for the white race. Anybody who showed any merits, and many who did not, were hailed as white hopes.

In an effort to bring the championship back to the Caucasian people a bout was arranged between the great Stanley Ketchel and Johnson at Colma, October 16, 1909. Ketchel, a middleweight of renown, proved no match for his negro opponent, who outweighed him by many pounds. Only once did Ketchel have a chance, that being a moment before the finish, when Stanley floored the champion with a left swing to the jaw. Johnson made several attempts to rise and finally succeeded.

Seeing Johnson partially dazed, Ketchel rushed at him, only to receive a terrific right and left to the jaw. They sent Ketchel sprawling on his back, but the force caused Johnson to lose his balance and he also went down. The referee started the count and the champion arise, but Ketchel remained prostrate and was counted out. Ketchel was in bad shape, his face being swollen to twice its normal size.

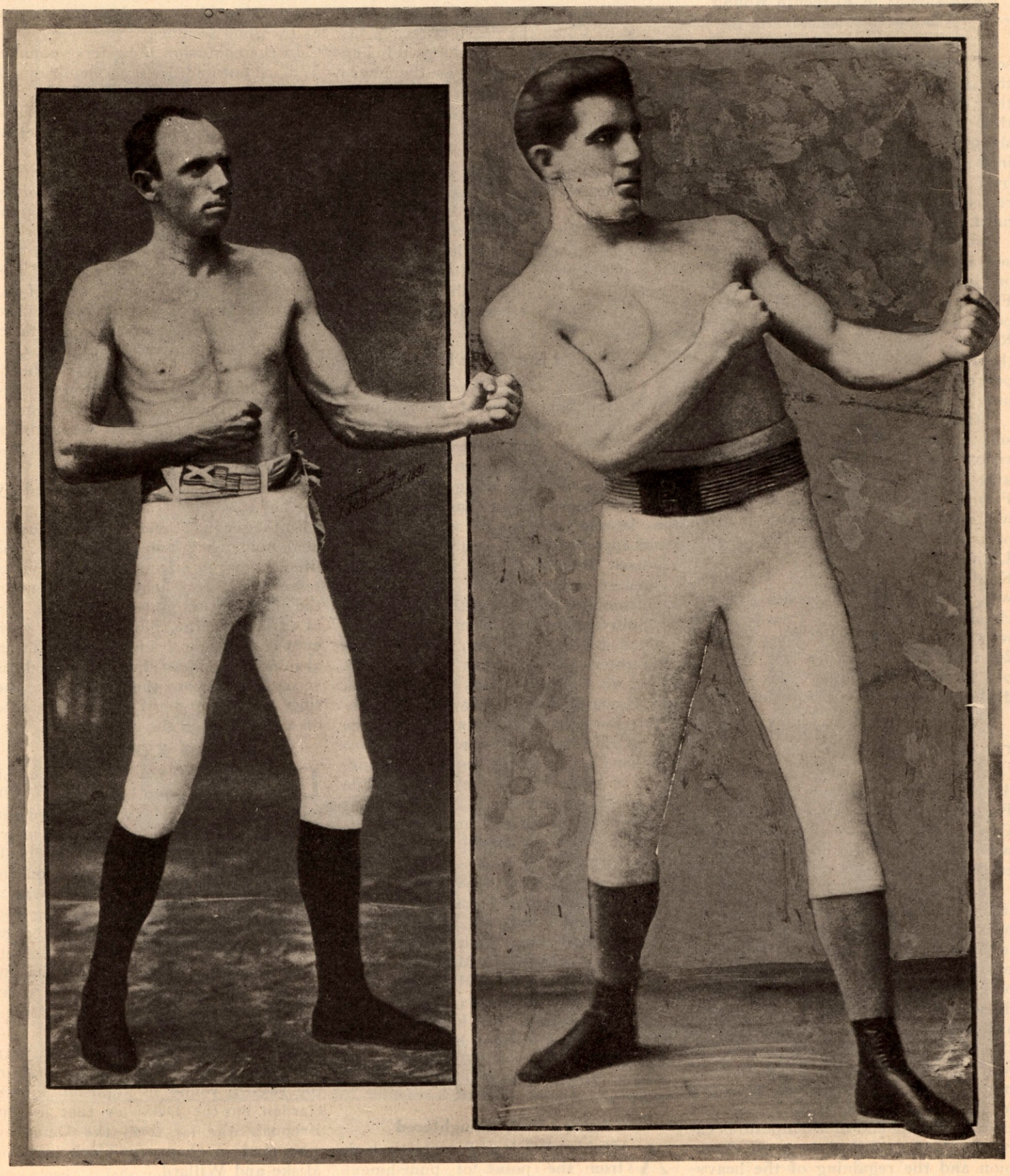
Jeff Out of Retirement

STILL eager to get the championship away from the negro, friends of Jeffries, after considerable coaxing, induced him to come out of retirement and "defend his title." Jeffries had not fought for five years and was in no condition to tackle so gigantic a task. There were many who considered that Jeffries would be led to a slaughter, and their judgment was correct. Jeff answered the clamor of the populace in a great wooden saucer built out on the plains of Nevada by Tex Rickard, who hung up the unprecedented purse of $101,000. Jeffries trained down to 225 to meet his trim, physically fit and younger opponent.

In the fifth round Jeff shot a left to Johnson's face that momentarily rocked him, but it took only a few seconds for the golden smile to reappear and then with a grin he remarked:—

"Don't rush, Mistah Jeff; doncha heah what A'hm telling you?" and with that he crashed his left to Jeff's face.

Pity We Have None of 'Em in Ring Now!



Bob Fitzsimmons (left), holder of three ring championships, and James J. Corbett who put an end to career of the great John L. Sullivan.

That caused the Californian to rock. Age and the let-up in training for a period of five years soon told. His punches began to lack steam and many of his efforts went wild.

End Comes in Fifteenth Round

THE end of Jeffries came in the fifteenth round. A savage uppercut sent Jeffries to the ropes, and against the drooping head of the white man then came a series of pounding wallops that made the encounter look like a slaughter. Jeff fell exhausted, and while in a sitting pose his manager hopped over the ropes just as Rickard, who refereed the contest, held up Johnson's hand in token of victory.

Just two years elapsed before Johnson again defended his crown. It was on July 4, 1912, that he fought Jim Flynn in Las Vegas, N. M., and the police stopped the contest, whereupon Referee Ed Smith awarded the bout to the negro on points. That bout was the poorest Johnson ever fought. It was purely a clinching and butting contest.

After this affair Johnson found himself in trouble with the law over the violation of the Mann law. He avoided arrest in Illinois by embarking for France. With the champion in exile white hope tourneys sprang up in all parts of this country. Finally, in 1913 Luther McCarthy, after defeating Al Kaufman, Jim Flynn and Al Palzer, was declared the white heavyweight champion. Luther was then matched with Arthur Pelkey at Calgary on May 24, 1913, and McCarthy was knocked out in the first round. Soon after he died from hemorrhage of the brain.

Johnson Beats Frank Moran

THE following June Johnson found that his money was rapidly dwindling and he accepted a bout with Frank Moran in Paris, with Georges Carpentier as the referee. The bout went twenty rounds and Johnson gained the decision.

In the meantime, while Johnson was living the life of Riley abroad, the white heavyweight crop continued to increase in America, and there arose one good prospect in Jess Willard, the Pottowatomie six feet six inch giant, who after disposing of a number of so-called aspirants was groomed for a battle with the champion. As Johnson could not fight in this country, and he needed money badly, a contest was arranged for Havana, Cuba, for April 5, 1915, and there came the end of a tempestous career in the downfall of the negro champion and the regaining of the heavyweight title for the white race.

Slow, fighting a slovenly battle, Johnson showed that his life of ease had accomplished the inevitable—his defeat. It was only the second time in Johnson's career that he had been knocked out, the K. O. coming in the twenty-sixth session. Willard was on the defence in the early rounds, but when he found the negro faltering, his wind giving way and his legs refusing to obey Jess cut loose as the negro came out of his corner in the final session and shot out a right that crashed against Johnson's chin. Down went the champion, where, with his right hand shading the terrific sun's rays, he was counted out and a new king of fistiana was proclaimed. Although charges were made that Johnson had engaged in a faked fight there was nothing to prove, other than the shaded eye in that twenty-sixth round, that the bout had not been fought strictly on the level.

Willard Not Great Fighter

WILLARD, the Kansas giant, who took the world's heavyweight championship from Jack Johnson, and then lost it to Jack Dempsey, does not stand very high in the array of holders of the title. For one thing, Willard was the first heavyweight champion to lose his laurels while he yet was conscious and apparently able to go on. Willard himself ordered Walter Monahan, his chief second, to throw in the towel which ended his fight with Dempsey.

Sullivan fought Corbett round after round, bleeding, reeling, cut—but still a fighter. Corbett was knocked out. Fitz, his conqueror, was knocked cold. All down the line the champions, in defeat, received knockouts which made them incapable of continuing. But Willard achieved the doubtful distinction of going out of the picture while sitting in his corner.

From the point of competition Willard was the worst champion in modern ring history. He was simply money mad, and spent more time following the circus and playing the easy role in exhibition bouts than he did in the defence of his crown. With the exception of the bout with Frank Moran in Madison Square Garden on March 25, 1916, which he won on points, Jess did not defend his laurels until he fought Jack Dempsey and was relieved of his crown. Moran proved no match for the Kansas giant, who outweighed him by sixty pounds.

Willard Was Slaughtered

A HEAVYWEIGHT contest which from the point of punishment takes its place alongside the Johnson-Burns battle was that between Willard and Dempsey at Toledo on July 4, 1919, in which Dempsey emerged the winner. Willard fell so often in the first round that Referee Pecord became so dizzy from counting that he failed to hear the bell. All told, Jess went down seven times, the seventh count starting as the gong sounded.

In the confusion the referee counted Willard out and declared Dempsey the winner. As Jack left the ring the official timer came to Willard's rescue, and upon informing the referee of his error Dempsey was hustled back into the roped square to resume the slaughter.

In that first round Willard received an unmerciful beating. Dempsey punished Willard so badly about the stomach and face that Jess thought a tornado had struck him. A series of jaw blows sent Jess down for a count of six. He arose, but took another count when he received a right crash to the nose. As he arose again the Giant Killer, as Dempsey was immediately dubbed, floored him again, Jess falling on his hands and knees. Arising once more, Jess was cornered and went down under a shower of lefts and rights. Three more times in that round Willard went down, only to be saved by the bell.

In the second round Willard recuperated somewhat while Dempsey was tired from the effects of the previous session, and Jess held his own, but in the third the slaughter continued, and at the end of the round Willard, with eyes closed, mouth bleeding and in an absolutely helpless state, permitted his seconds to throw the towel into the ring, thereby giving Dempsey the title on a knockout in the third round.

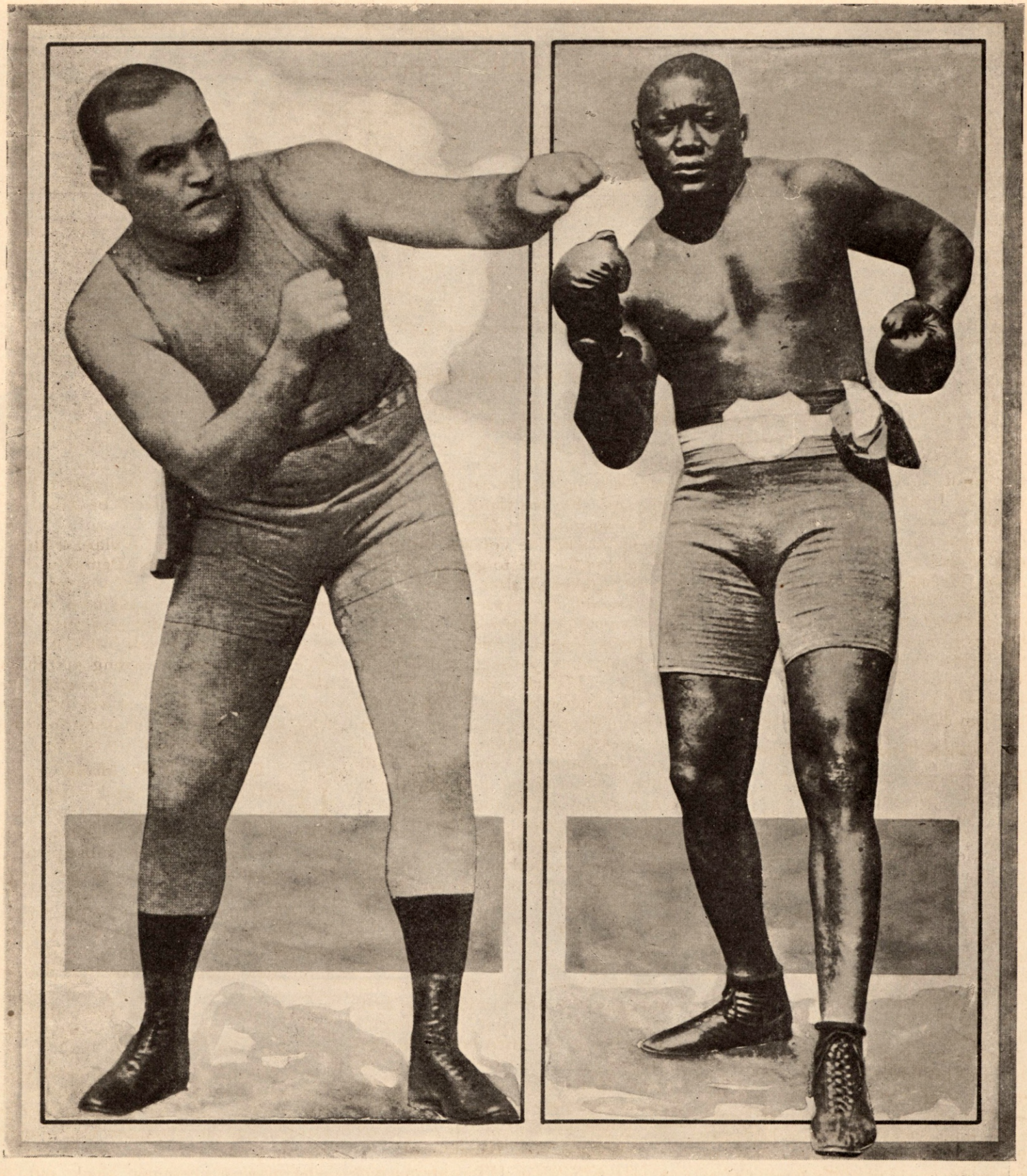
Dempsey K'O's Miske

DEMPSEY defended his title for the first time on Labor Day, 1920, with Billy Miske, who was knocked out in three rounds. Miske subsequently, as a result of the beating he received, contracted disease, that brought on his death. It was said that Miske was a sick man when he entered the ring and should never have been permitted to fight the champion. Miske was floored with a vicious stomach punch in the second round and three times he went down in the third, before being forced to quit.

On December 14 on that same year Dempsey knocked out Bill Brennan in the twelfth round in Madison Square Garden, but the Dempsey that fought Brennan was far from the Dempsey who made a chopping block out of Miske and Willard.

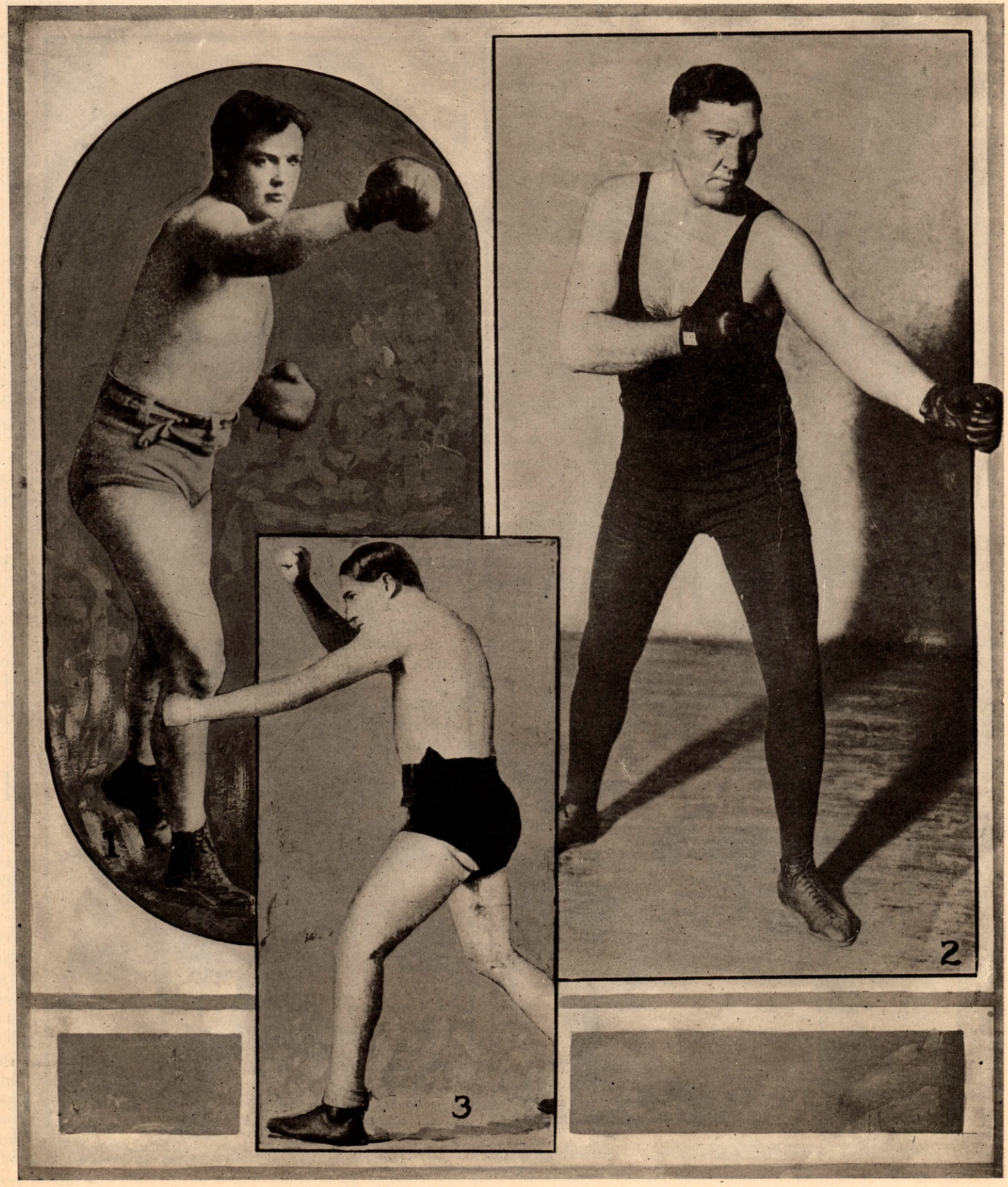
On three other occasions following this indoor bout Dempsey defended his

Pair of Modern Heavyweight Aces



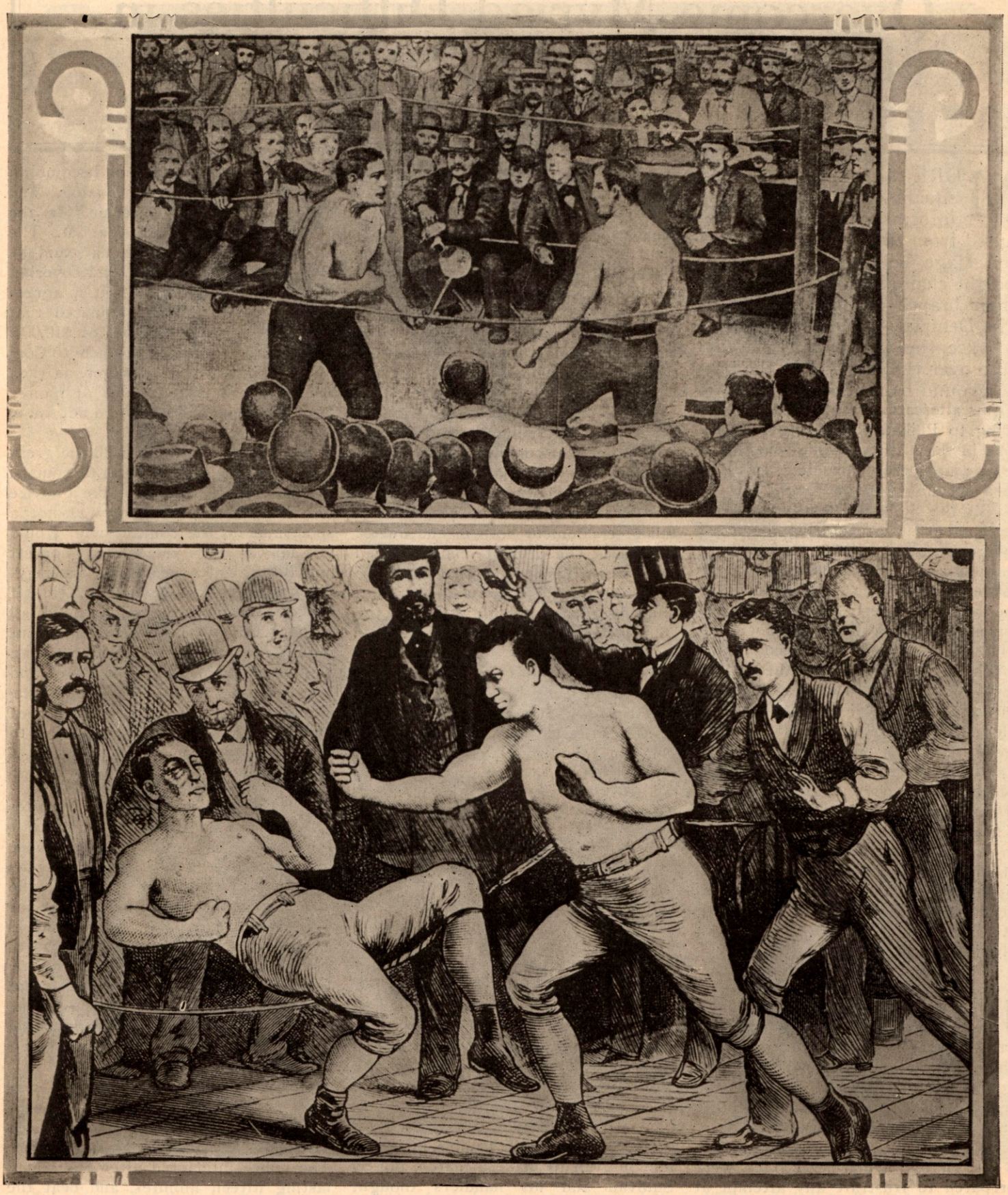
James J. Jeffries, who beat Fitzsimmons for crown and Jack Johnson (right) who knocked out the boilermaker at Reno, July, 1910. These gladiators rank among the world's greatest heavyweights of all time.

They Held Sway in Most Modern Period



1—*Marvin Hart, who beat Root for title after Jeffries' retirement;* 2—*Jess Willard as he looked when he opposed Dempsey;* 3—*Tommy Burns, who lost title to Jack Johnson in Australia.*

Bare Knuckles Settled These Bouts



(Top)—*John L. Sullivan vs. Jake Kilrain in last bare knuckle bout staged in this country at Richburg, Miss., July* 8, 1889, *Sullivan winning in* 75 *rounds*—(*Bottom*)—*Sullivan-Flood tilt on barge on Hudson River,* 1881, *John L. winning in* 8 *rounds.*

Heavyweights of Other Days Had to Overcome Myriad Difficulties in Staging Fights

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

MORE bickerings, disputes, squabbles, ill feeling and informal combats have resulted from the efforts to arrange and stage bouts for the heavyweight championship than in any other branch of physical contest. The Dempsey-Tunney match was no exception to the rule, the dispute over the location of the battle ground being decidedly torrid.

This altercation resulted in the bout going to Philadelphia, being the first time in the history of pugilism that a heavyweight championship contest has been scheduled to be fought on the soil of the State of Pennsylvania. If the combatants on entering the roped square perform with as much spirit and pugnacity as was exhibited in the battle royal preceding the selection of the City of Brotherly Love as the place for pitching the ring, the spectators will witness an exciting encounter.

While the shunting of the Dempsey-Tunney match from New York to Quakertown was doubtless the first time such action has been taken by a modern boxing Commission, yet it was by no means the first instance in which promoters, officials and contestants have been compelled to cross a State line with more or less haste. In fact in the early days of the game of hit, stop and get away, the principals and backers became expert in getting into the next Commonwealth at least three jumps ahead of a Sheriff's posse.

Thrown into Jail

IN those instances where the pugilists failed to develop sufficient early speed, they were cast into durance vile and also compelled to disgorge large sums of the coin of the realm. An authentic photograph shows Jack Johnson and Joe Choynski peering through the bars of a Texas jail, while guards armed with rifles were prepared to frustrate any attempt at escape. The offense of the pair consisted of having met in a ring contest in which Choynski knocked out Johnson in the third round.

Ordinarily, a boxer considers that a knockout in the third round is sufficient punishment without being jailed. However, fortunately for the boxers the unwarranted prejudice against that form of physical contest has practically disappeared, and boxing has taken its place among other branches of rough sport such as football, hockey, lacrosse, automobile racing, etc.

Up to the time of the passage of State laws legalizing boxing and the appointment of commissions to supervise the sport, the result being a 60 per cent improvement in the conduct of ring affairs, the life of a boxer was full of excitement both in and out of the ring. The present champion had little trouble up to the time he made the match with Tunney, as many communities placed a high value on the advertising possibilities of a title match.

Willard and Johnson were compelled to fight in Cuba because Johnson at that time was not in the good graces of the Federal officials. Burns and Johnson fought in Australia for the reason that Burns was promised $30,000 win, lose or draw.

Chased from California

WHEN Johnson finally made his peace with the authorities and he and Jeffries were matched, it was planned to have the contest in California, but the Governor finally ordered the men to take the dispute elsewhere. Rickard, the promoter moved over to Reno, Col. where Jeff was divorced from his pugilistic reputation. Due to the unpleasant attentions of the authorities, Corbett and Choynski were compelled to fight on a barge off the California Coast, and Corbett proved to be the best Sailor, winning in 27 rounds.

Corbett had much trouble in inducing Sullivan to make a match, but as Sullivan and his handlers thought Corbett was a very light hitter, they finally consented to a bout. In those days the turnstile had not become an important adjunct of boxing, and therefore the compensation for the victor depended on a side bet. The loser usually passed the hat, and he was lucky if he got his head covering back. So, the mighty John L, in agreeing to meet Corbett, stipulated that there should be a side bet of $10,000. This was a staggering obstacle to Corbett and Brady, his manager, as they did not have that amount of money between them, and really did not know where to get it.

Although Corbett had held the great Peter Jackson to a draw in 61 rounds, and had made Kilrain look like a novice in a 6 round bout there was not a sportsman in the country who would put up Corbett's side stake. Corbett and Brady had a wearisome time trying to get the money and for a time it looked as though the match would fall through. Finally Corbett got a tryout with Mike Donovan, then the boxing instructor of the New York A. C., and the veteran thought so well of the youngster that he advised prominent members of the club to subscribe to the stake.

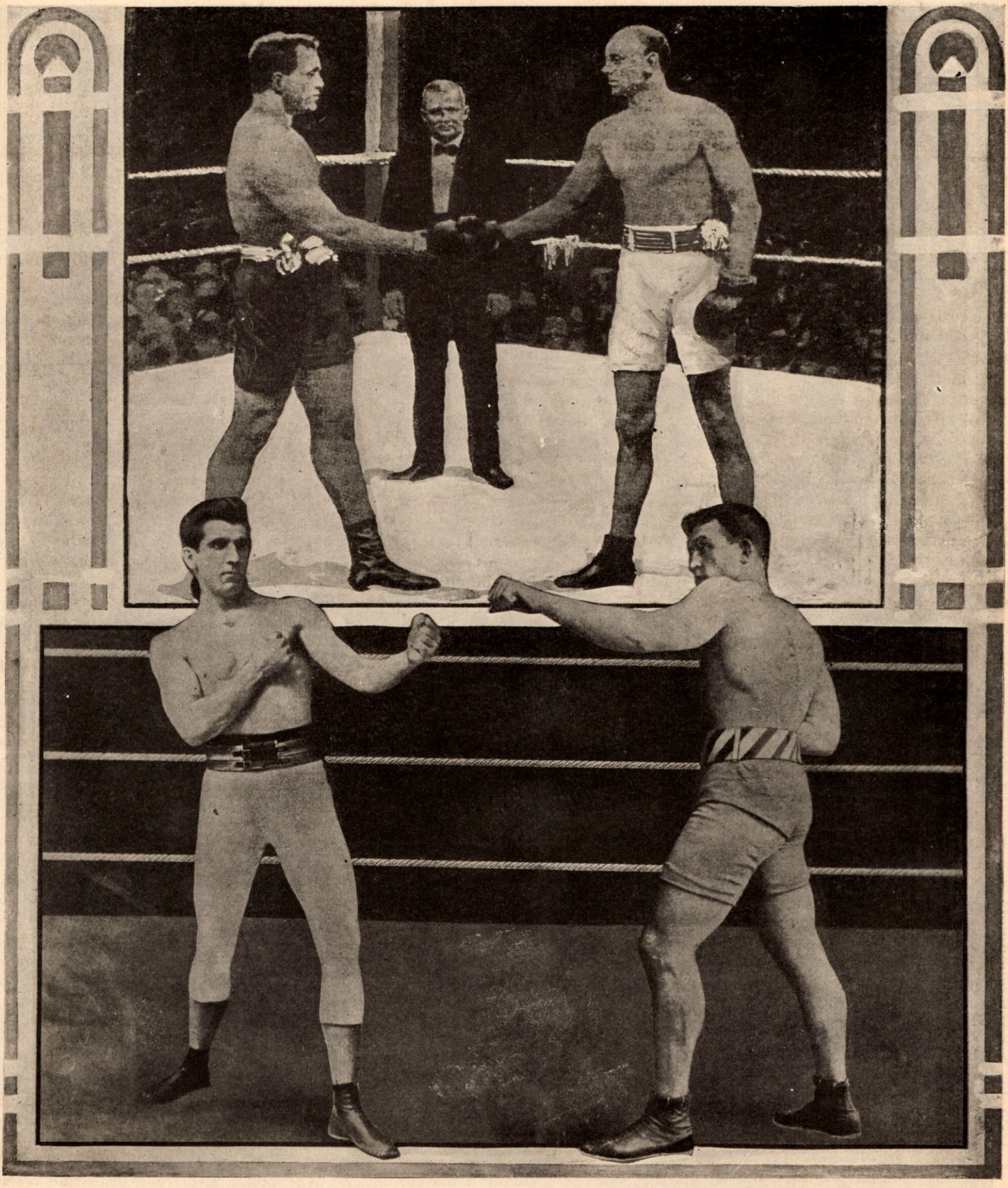
John L. Was 5 to 1

AT this time the rabid Sullivanites were laying 5 and 6 to 1 against Corbett, and few indeed were those who conceded the Californian a possible chance. Getting his side stake was the hardest part of the fight for Corbett for he won with ridiculous ease. So confident was Corbett as to the outcome that when I asked him in his training quarters if he was not afraid of Sullivan's terrible punch, he replied: "Yes I am. I am really afraid he may hit me on the shoulder blade." Then he grinned.

Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, was arrested and sentenced to 18 months in jail for fighting one round with Joe Wormald, at Lynfield, Mass., in 1868. The police interfered after one round lasting fifteen minutes, and beat the contestants with clubs. Mike McCoole

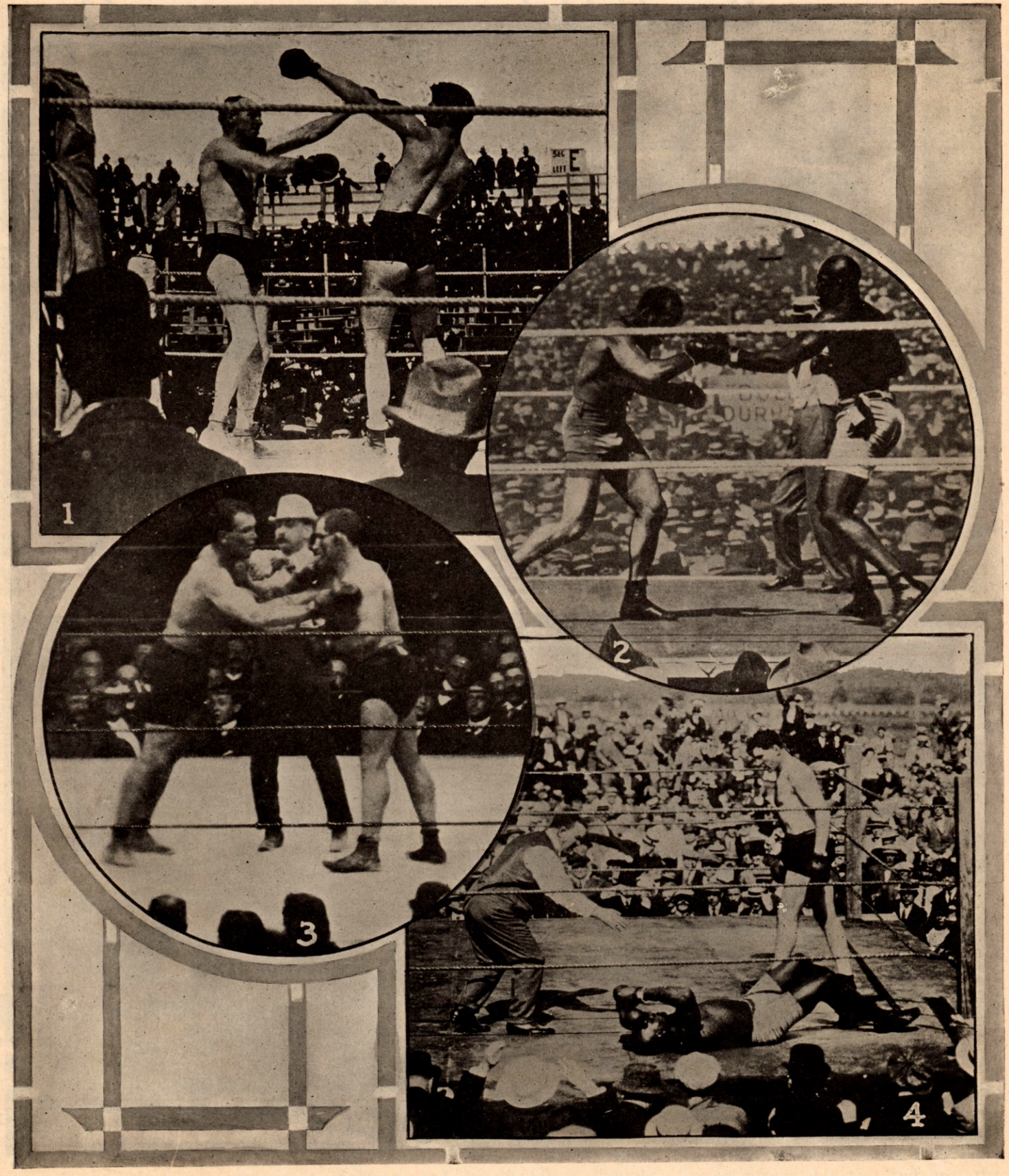
(Continued on page 22)

Contestants in Fistic Treats



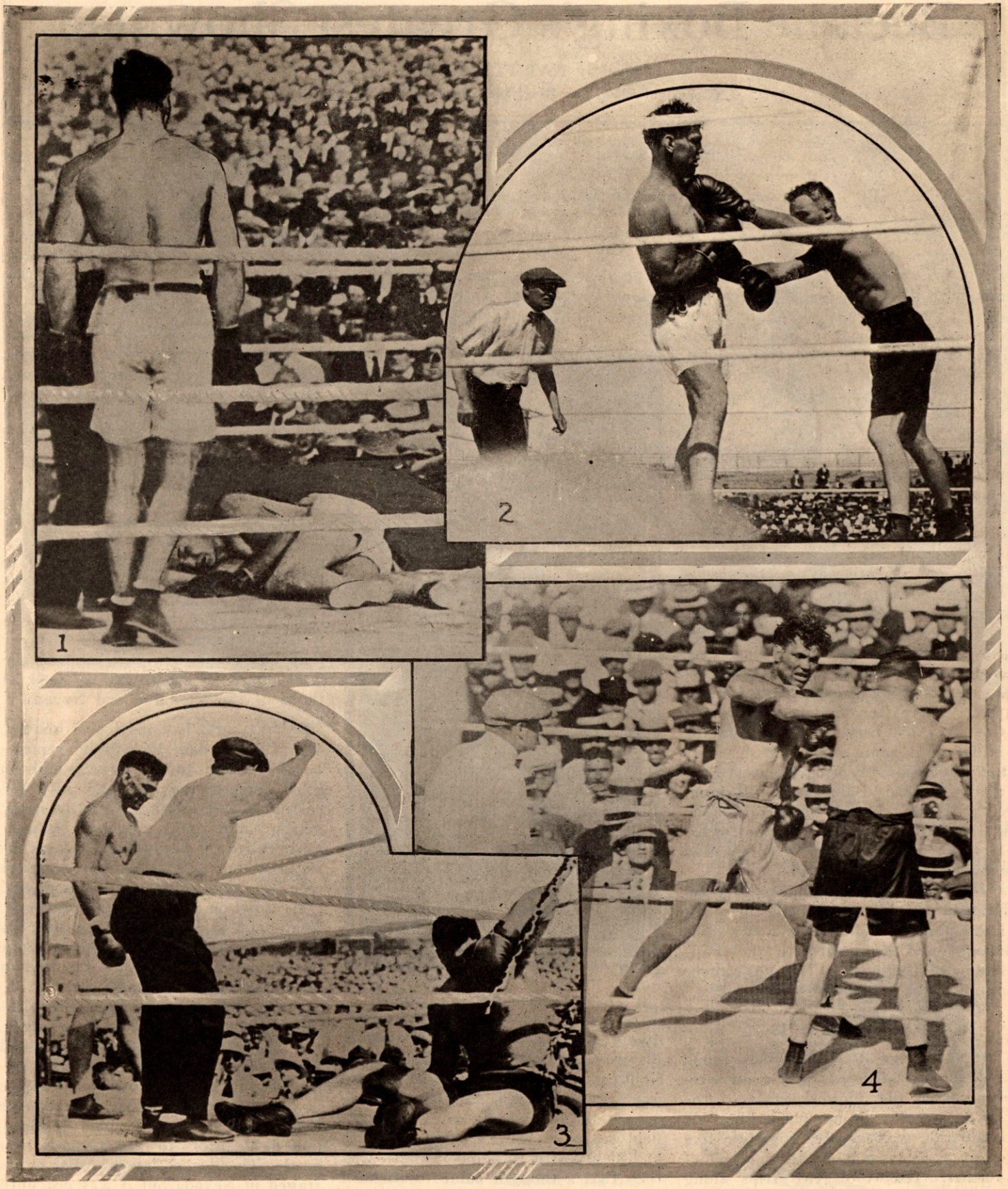
(Top)—James J. Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons shaking hands before starting famous battle in 1898 in which Ruby Bob lost his crown in 11th round. (Below)—Jeffries and James J. Corbett as they looked in 1900 when they clashed in bout in which Jeffries knocked out his opponent in 23rd round. Both bouts were staged at Coney Island.

Four Bouts That Made Ring History



1—*Bob Fitzsimmons and James J. Corbett, March* 17, 1897, *in Carson City contest;* 2—*James J. Jeffries and Jack Johnson, Reno, July* 4, 1910; 3—*Jeffries and Tom Sharkey, Coney Island,* 1898; 4—*Jack Johnson knocked out by Jess Willard,* 26*th round at Havana,* 1915.

Four Battles in Which Dempsey Fought



1—Miske knocked out by Jack Dempsey, Benton Harbor, 3rd round; 2—Gibbons reaching Dempsey's chin; 3—Willard taking fifth count in bout with Dempsey at Toledo; 4—Dempsey crossing right to Gibbons' face, eighth round at Shelby, 1923.

"Tex" Rickard, Promoter by Accident, Became Boxing's Greatest Showman

By NAT FLEISCHER

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THROWN in contact with the boxing game through accident, "Tex" Rickard, promoter of the Dempsey-Tunney bout, has gained the distinction of staging the greatest fistic battles in the history of modern pugilism, "Boxing's Greatest Showman," is the title this promoter has earned through his success in handling contests which have drawn hundreds of thousands of spectators and brought many millions of dollars into the box-office.

Rickard, whose career reads like a Frank Merriwell yarn, a story carrying a thrill with every chapter, is a man of gigantic business ability, one who does only big things and accomplishes his ends regardless of the obstacles. The story of the Gans-Nelson fight, Dempsey-Willard thriller, Dempsey-Carpentier battle, Dempsey-Firpo tilt—all testify to his strength as a promoter.

George L. (Tex) Rickard meant absolutely nothing to the sporting world until just before the Gans-Nelson fight at Goldfield in September of 1906. Thereafter and to the present time, Tex has been the biggest factor in the fight game and justly deserves the appellation, "World's Greatest Promoter." Like Phineas T. Barnum, Rickard has proved himself to be a great showman because in most of his biggest ventures he accomplished wonders on small capital.

He was born in Kansas City on January 2, 1871. His people were Illinois pioneers. His father was a millwright and he moved to the Panhandle of Texas when Tex was a mere youngster.

An Orphan at 12

AT the age of twelve Tex found himself thrown on his own resources in the biggest State of the Union but this did not phase him. He could ride and throw a rope and like all good Texas lads, he became a cowpuncher. Tex took two trips along the North trail with big herds and in 1886 he was with an outfit that wintered 16,000 cattle in three herds in the State of Montana. With terrific blizzards throughout the winter, Tex and his companions found less than 1000 cattle among the spring survivors. Rickard then drifted back to Texas where he became a marshal.

Two years later, Tex resigned and started on the trail north for Alaska. After months of hardship in the Klondike region, with little luck coming his way, he drifted from Dawson to Goldfield, Nevada at a time when gold mining was a craze. The people were not satisfied with their lot in the Goldfield region. They wanted publicity and plenty of it to boom it and it was then that a thought came to Rickard which when carried out, placed Goldfield on the map and made Tex world famous.

"Tex" Rickard

There had been a lot of talk about matching Joe Gans and Battling Nelson and Tex conceived the idea that a contest of that magnitude was just what Goldfield required to get prospective buyers into the region so he suggested to the "town boosters" that they make the fighters a guarantee of $30,000 to box there. When the story was published it elicited many hearty laughs as the purse was the largest ever offered up to that time for a bout. First Tex offered that sum to Terry McGovern and Jimmy Britt for a championship bout but they figured Tex crazy and ignored him.

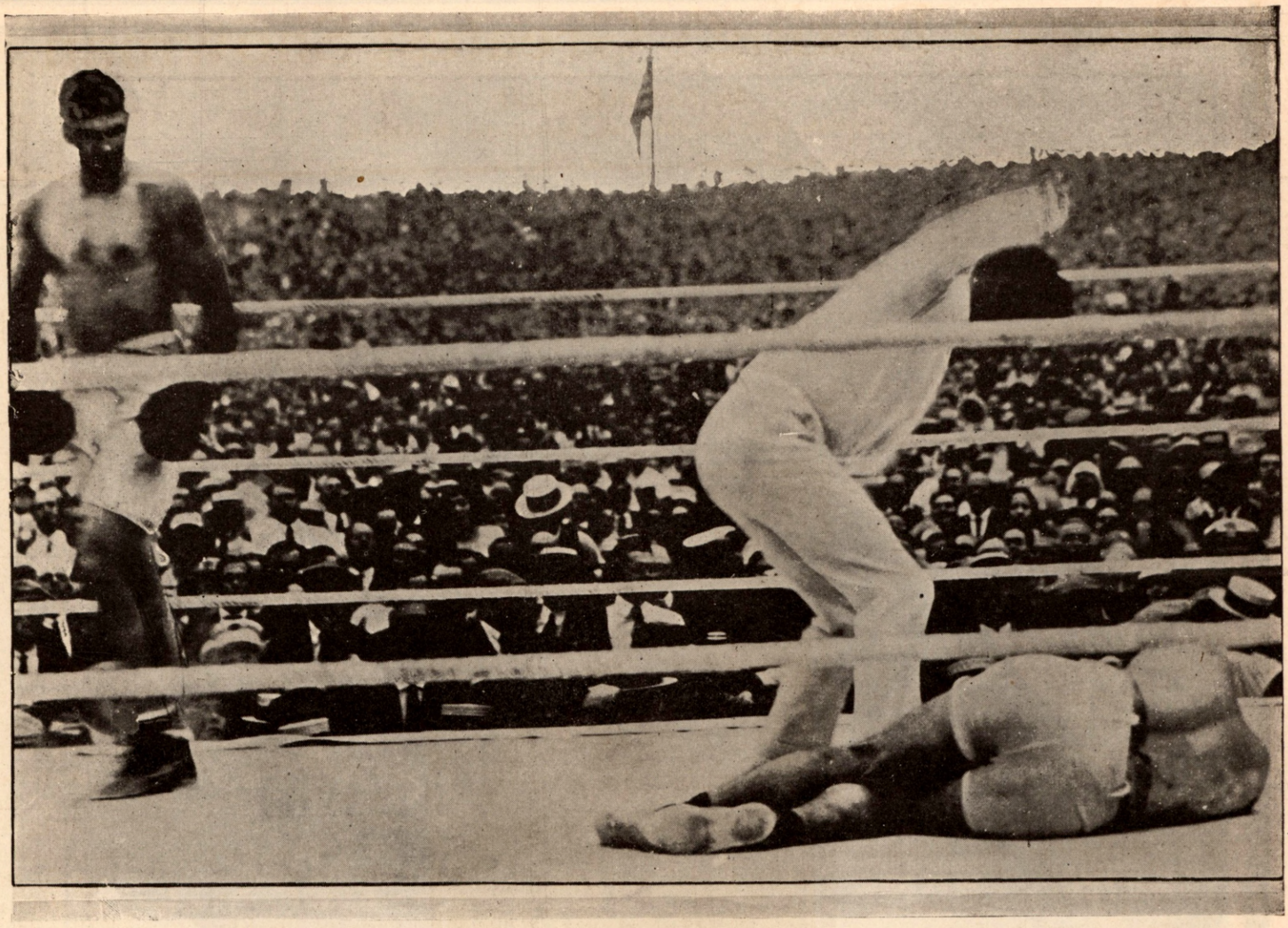
Put Goldfield on Map

Rickard went right on, determined to put Goldfield on the map and he made the same offer to Gans and Nelson. They were more susceptible to the glint of the $30,000 in gold pieces placed before them and accepted the offer. That was the start of Rickard's wonderful promotorial career, a career that has resulted in his tapping the gold mines of Broadway as well as those of the Klondike and Nevada.

THAT fight is a matter of history. Billy Nolan, it will be remembered refused to let Gans weigh in other than in the ring and with the costumes the fighters were to wear during their battle. The bout was almost called off because of Nolan's insistance but Rickard's perseverence won, the men fought and Gans gained the verdict on a foul in the 42nd round. That bout so weakened Gans that his death from tuberculosis brought about by his making of weight, resulted in his untimely death.

Since that time Rickard has promoted, from a financial point of view, the biggest fights in ring history and his success was extraordinary. Tex declared that he knew nothing about the boxing game before he entered the arena in Nevada and he had seen only one fight prior to the Gans-Nelson battle. There were several other fights staged in Nevada but it was not until the Johnson-Jeffries contest in 1910 that Rickard again came into prominence.

A 'K.O.' That Brought Gloom to Gay Paree



Georges Carpentier taking count in fourth round of championship bout with Jack Dempsey, July 2, 1921

There was much bidding for that bout and Tex landed it only to find considerable opposition in all quarters. He finally put the bout on at Reno and he himself was forced to referee it because of the failure of the principals to agree on a third man. The result of that bout was another fortune for Tex.

Gave Dempsey His Chance

HE later staged the Dempsey-Willard fight which proved a financial failure and following that bout, Rickard hit the trail East and after a trip to South America he decided to invade New York where he received the backing of John Ringling of circus fame to obtain the old Madison Square Garden. There he reaped a fortune for himself and benefactor. Not only did he stage many championship bouts in this structure but he promoted the world's greatest fight from a point of spectators and money at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City when he pitted Carpentier against Dempsey and he followed that with a Dempsey-Firpo international championship which made new ring history. These great ventures he topped off with the building of the New Madison Square Garden.

Rickard's career has been most spectacular. He has punched cattle and ridden range in Texas; has hunted wild game in the mountainous region of our own West and in the Andes and as Marshall, he hunted the bad men of the Pan Handle, has gambled away and won fortunes, has mined gold in the heat of Arizona and the frigid atmosphere of the Klondike, has bossed a ranch in the Chaco Country of Paraguay and Uruguay, has promoted business deals and fights of the greatest magnitude. During the career as a promoter has catered to more than 100,000,000 patrons of sports.

Such is the man who is promoting another world's heavyweight championship bout in the City of Brotherly love.

FINAL SALE
KING OF REVOLVERS
CUT TO $8.99
Has all improvements of latest guns. $35 value, left wheeler, safety hand ejector, guaranteed never out of order, 6-shot, 32-20 or 38 cal. Send No Money. Pay on delivery $8.99 plus postage. Satisfaction or money back. FEDERAL MAIL ORDER, 561 Broadway, New York Dept. E-18

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"L-O-V-E-R-O-T-E-S" letters when properly arranged spell the name of a late president Everyone sending in the correct solution will be awarded a beautiful lot size 20 x 100 ft. Free and clear of all encumbrances.
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In our New Jersey Development, between New York and Atlantic City.
This offer expires Nov. 1st, 1926
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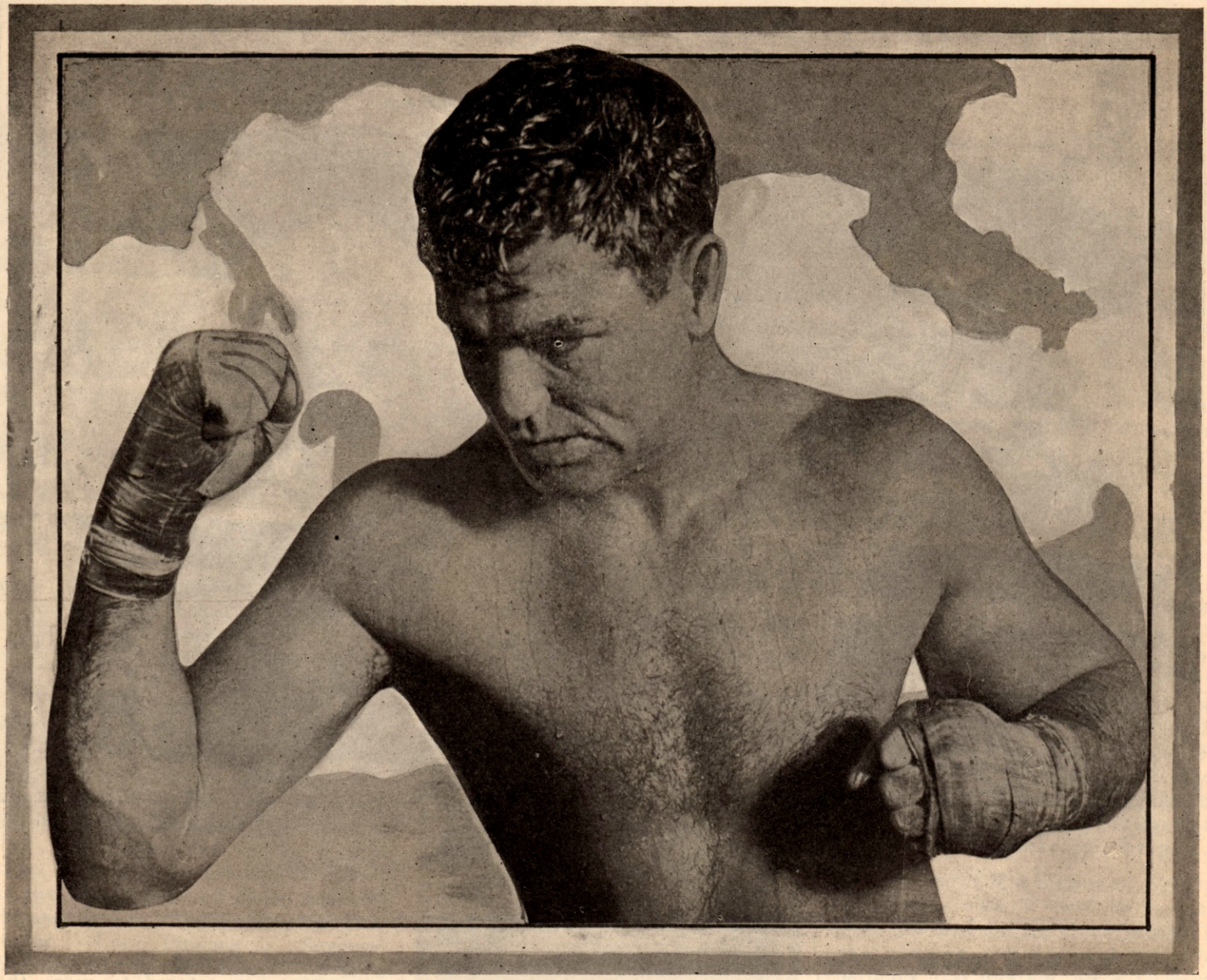
World's Heavyweight Champion



Jack Dempsey

HEAVYWEIGHTS OF OTHER DAYS (*Continued from page 16*)

and Joe Coburn were arrested and sentenced to forty days in jail for trying to fight at Cold Spring Station in 1868. Joe Coburn and Jem Mace met in the ring near Port Ryerson, Canada, May 11, 1871. After standing in the ring one hour and 17 minutes, neither striking a blow, the Canadian militia appeared and routed the fighters in a bloodless battle. Coburn and Mace were clever boxers and each was afraid to lead.

Without doubt the shabbiest treatment ever accorded a boxer was that to which Joe Coburn was subjected by Jem Mace. Coburn was eager to fight Mace, who held the English title and sent a challenge to the British champion. Mace replied that he would not fight in America, fearing that he would not receive fair treatment, but consented to meet Coburn in Ireland. The Irishman gladly consented, and with his handlers sailed for Europe May 14, 1864.

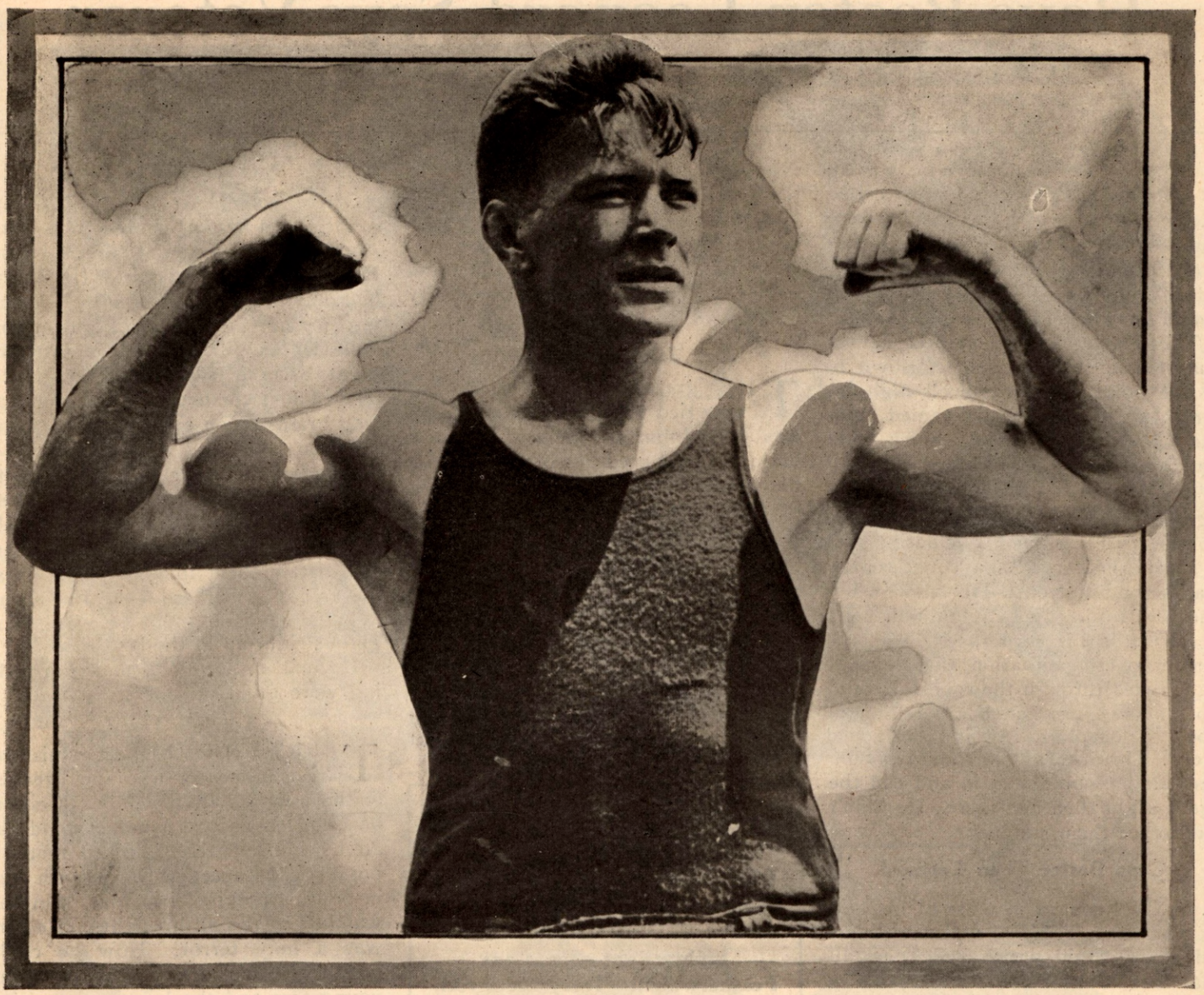
Took Desperate Chance

ON arrival they signed an agreement to fight at Pierstown, Tipperary, for $5,000 a side, Coburn to have $500 for expenses. It would seem that Mace, an Englishman, was taking quite as desperate a chance in fighting an Irishman in Tipperary.

Apparently that thought also occurred to Mace, for he failed to appear in the ring on the appointed date of Oct 4, and Coburn was left holding the bag. It is related that Coburn finally received the $500 expense money and returned to America. In view of the difficulties of ocean travel in those days and the time required to make the trip, Coburn was unquestionably the victim of contemptible treatment.

When Tom Hyer, the first American official heavyweight champion, was at his best he was matched with John Morrissey. Hyer was a giant and a terrific puncher, while Morrissey was of medium height and a good ring general. However, he decided that the time was not ripe for him to meet Hyer in the ring and forfeited his deposit of $100. Later on Morrissey consented to fight, and the pair met at the appointed place.

New York's Challenger For Crown



Gene Tunney

But Morrissey had prepared for emergencies and brought a gang with him that outnumbered Hyer's friends by 10 to 1. Hyer realized that he had no chance to whip Morrissey in a ring battle, and so he produced a pair of duelling pistols and challenged Morrissey to a battle of bullets. Morrissey respectfully declined, and negotiations ended abruptly.

Dempsey and Tunney had considerable trouble in getting a place in which to fight, but compared with the troubles of the old time boxers the modern crop are decidedly fortunate.

FROM MOLINEAUX TO DEMPSEY

(*Continued from page* 12)

crown. His battle with George Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres July 2, 1921, drew 90,000 persons and a gate of more than a million dollars, the record for a heavyweight champsionship bout. Georges proved no match for Dempsey other than in one round, the second, in which he staggered Jack and had him tottering, but could not follow up the punch. Carpentier was knocked out in the fourth round.

The Shelby Fiasco

THE Shelby fight with Tom Gibbons on July 4, 1923, is still fresh in the minds of fight fans. That bout, which Jack won in fifteen rounds, proved a bloomer for its backers, all of whom went broke. Several banks failed, but Dempsey received his $300,000 guarantees while Gibbons received nothing, as he had gambled on the receipts.

The nearest approach to defeat that Dempsey has had as a champion was at the hands of Luis Firpo on September 16, 1923, at the Polo Grounds. Although the South American was counted out in the second round, a terrific swing sent Dempsey through the ropes in the first and had newspaper men not helped the champion a new title holder would have been crowned.

Joe Gans Greatest Lightweight—Would Have Beaten Leonard, Says Veteran

By BILL DUFFY
Manager of Boxers

I HAVE no hesitancy in stating that Joe Gans could have called the round in which he would have knocked out Benny Leonard. With both men in their prime I feel confident that the marvelous Negro would have taken Benny into camp.

There never lived a greater fighter than Gans. He had science down to a fine point. He was well nigh invincible. Whoever nicknamed him the Old Master certainly knew what he was talking about.

I saw Gans at his best. What a fighter! He could punch, clever like no one ever was, cool, calculating and a sharp shooter. As a counterer he was second to none. He knew when and how to do things. He didn't need a second in his corner. He was the master of the situation the moment he crawled through the ropes. I could go on for hours and hours telling of Joe's valorous deeds in the roped arena. Once he got a man rocky on his pins he would step in and end the agony right then and there. He didn't like to see them suffer.

Gans Better Than Leonard

I SAW Leonard in most of his best battles. True, he was a wonderful boxer, could punch and knew all that was to be known of the manly art, but he couldn't counter like Joe and he couldn't do the tricky things, yet within the rules, Gans had down to a fine T.

We must not lose sight of the fact, too, that Joe used to scale 133 ringside. In those days that was the lightweight limit. In the new order of things the weight was jacked up to 135. Making weight sapped Joe's strength and paved the way for his last resting place. There will never be another Gans. Fighters like him come once in a lifetime.

In Joe's days there were any number of great lightweights. But he fought them all and never took a backstep. Joe used to bet on himself. Often times he would call the round in which he designated his opponent was to be flattened. If he said "seven" and the man in the opposite went down in the sixth he would assist him to his feet, promise him the world and then knock him goofy in the next.

I have been watching 'em come and go for twenty-five years. I saw any number of great fights.

Jack Johnson Best Heavy

THE greatest heavyweight that ever tied the gloves on his hands was Jack Johnson. He had the best brains of his predecessors and those that have followed him; fast as greased lightning on his feet, a terrific puncher, the right uppercut being his best stock in trade; he had everything.

Johnson could have beaten Jeffries at his best, and I figure he could have whipped the present champion Jack Dempsey. It was a treat to watch him tie up the boys in the clinches. On the defense he was a marvel. Nobody could reach him. He could feint the boys into knots, and then smack them all over the place. If they got too fresh, however, he'd stiffen them with the uppercut. It was a terrible blow. We'll never see another Johnson.

BILL DUFFY'S SELECTIONS
Heavyweight—Jack Johnson
Light Heavyweight—Jack Dillon
Middleweight—Bob Fitzsimmons
Welterweight—Stanley Ketchel
Lightweight—Joe Gans
Featherweight—Terry McGovern
Bantamweight—Abe Attell
Flyweight—Pancho Villa

Jack Dillon, in my opinion, was the greatest light heavyweight. He sure was a Man Killer. I used to like to watch him fight. The bigger they came the faster they were knocked bowlegged. He feared no man in the world. Weight, height and reach didn't stop him from piling in and knocking 'em stiff. He was a great puncher. Most of the fighters he fought he ruined them for life.

Fitz Tops 'Em All

There was never anything to approach the late, lamented Bob Fitzsimmons in the middleweight division. He stood out by himself. If his son had only one half of Ruby Bob's fighting instinct he'd be right up on top. Like Dillon, Fitz liked to sprawl the giants on their backs. He could punch, proved his worth under fire, and had ring brains. You can't beat that combination.

Some of the experts may differ with me on Stanley Ketchel as the best welter. It goes nevertheless. He could take those 150 and 160-pounders and batter them to a pulp. He was an assassin if there ever lived one. What a punching fool he was! Dangerous right up to the last bell.

If you'll notice every man I'm picking were great punchers.

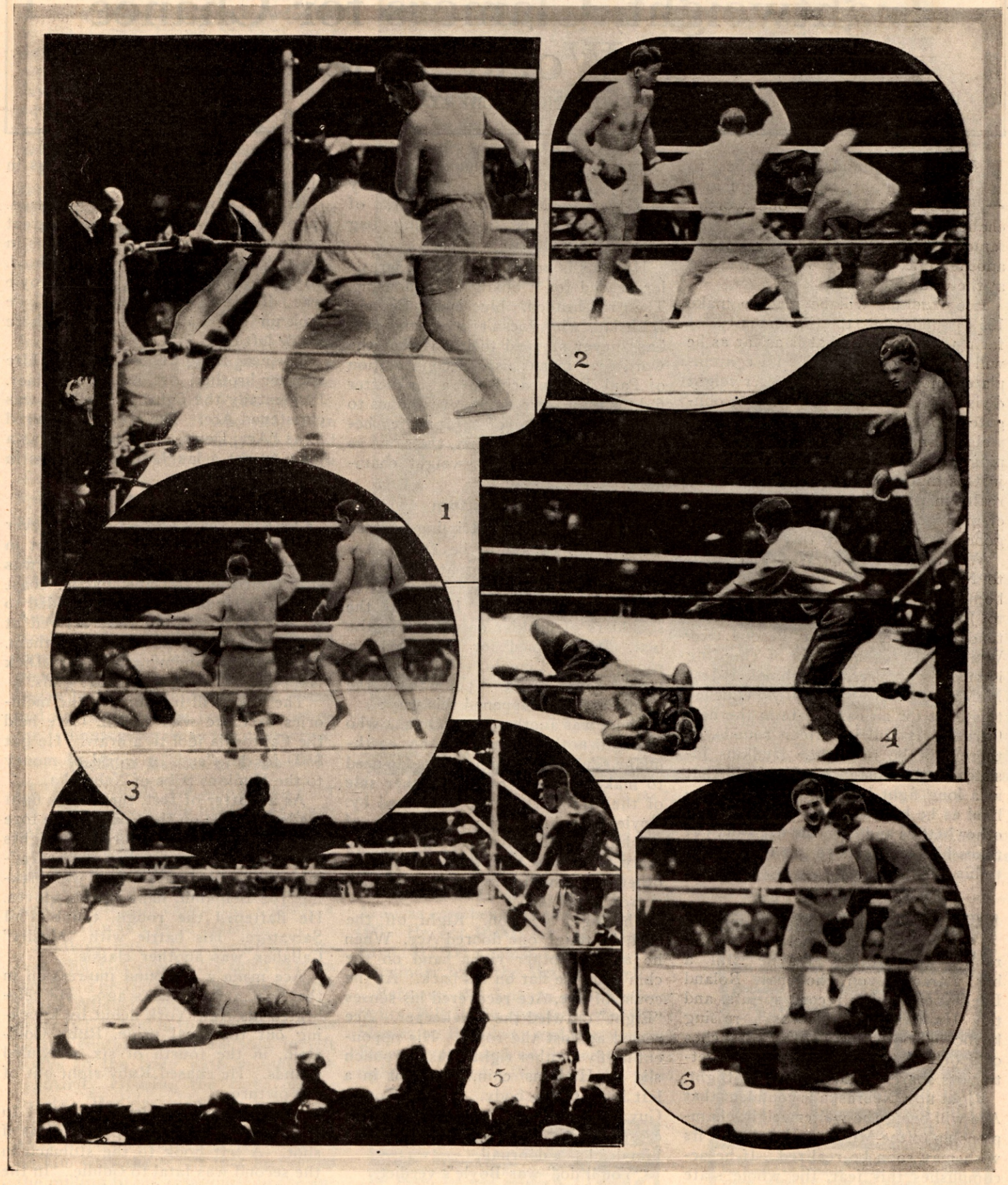
Terrible Terry

TERRY McGOVERN, may his soul rest in peace, was the greatest featherweight. In my mind there is no question about that. He stood out all by himself. He wrecked many a pugilistic prospect. I lived with him in South Brooklyn, saw him train and watched him in all his fights. He sure was a holy terror. How he could punch. Broke the spirits of many youngsters and the hearts of aspiring champions.

Best bantamweight? Must hand the palm to Abie Attell. Fought them all. Weight meant nothing in his young life. Incidentally, most of the great fighters of another era, didn't squabble over weight. Nowadays some of the managers pick up a forfeit if a man comes in an ounce over the stipulated poundage. Those were fighters, now we have a lot of pink tea scrappers.

Last but not least I must not overlook Panch Villa, gritty Filipino, who died in harness. He was the greatest flyweight, not excepting Jimmy Wilde and Jimmy Barry. Death took away a fighter who was only beginning to show his true worth. In another year he would have made the fans and that takes in the old timers all about the Barrys and Wildes.

When Dempsey's Crown Hung in Balance



1—*Dempsey sent through the ropes by Luis Firpo;* 2—*Firpo taking first count;* 3—*Firpo down for second time;* 4—*Firpo taking third count in second round;* 5—*Argentinian's fourth knockdown;* 6—*The doleful decimal completed with Dempsey standing over his victim.*

Ace Hudkins, Nebraska's First Great Lightweight, Clamors for Chance at World Title

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

IF Sammy Mandell continues to keep his lightweight diadem in a glass case, there is one worthy challenger who will not emulate the famous Vesta Victoria song hit of another era:—"There Was I Waiting at the Church," etc.

Ace Hudkins will be glad to make 135 pounds for the opportunity of facing Mandell but that is as far as he will go. In other words, he contemplates moving into the welterweight division. He feels that he is not obligated to continue scaling the lightweight limit for others, thereby sapping his strength, when he can earn just as much, if not more, coin of the realm in the 147-pound class. Brother-manager Clyde Hudkins is using good sense in making this wise move.

When the Nebraska Wildcat returns to New York from his Lincoln, Neb. home, manager Clyde will sic him on to Joe Dundee, who is leading "contender" for a shot at Pete Latzo. While the October number of The Ring is rushing to press, matchmaker Jess McMahon has practically clinched this bout for an early date in the new Garden. It will be fifteen rounds, or there will be no fight. Hudkins insists on this distance. He feels that in a long fight he will come from behind as he has done in so many of his other battles and earn the decision. It takes him ten heats to get warmed up to his task.

Nebraska in the Fore

WHAT with Monte Munn making rapid strides in the heavyweight ranks, his brother Wayne still a big attraction on the mat, Roland Locke performing record sprints, and the University of Nebraska raising havoc in football and other branches of sport, the Cornhusker State is getting its share of the athletic spotlight.

Right now Nebraska is confident that Ace will bring the welterweight championship to the Missouri Valley, and its wish may soon be realized. If he accomplishes this feat, the whole state will be his for the asking. Ace is the second greatest fighter that has come out of Nebraska. He was preceded by Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid, who became famous after flooring Terry McGovern. Morrie Schlaiffer, of Omaha, was just a punching bag among the welters.

Hudkins is another erstwhile wrestler headed for a boxng championship. The red-headed, blue-eyed Scotch-Irish lad, who doesn't know and perhaps never stopped to learn what the word fear means, is a second edition of Paul Berlenbach but a far better fighter than Herr Paulie ever hopes to become. The son of the prairies began his career on the mat, the same as the former light heavyweight champion.

Started at Fifteen

WHEN he was a stripling—fifteen years of age to be exact—Ace participated in several amateur tournaments. They say it was a treat to watch the scrawny lad pin the shoulders of huskier opponents to the mat. It remained for Pat Boyle, a sportsman in Lincoln, to throw Hudkins in among the exponents of the manly art. It happened this way:

There was another lad in Omaha who thought nothing short of an earthquake could topple him over. He used to make the boys take the other side of the street whenever he passed by. Boyle thought up the bright idea of stacking young Hudkins against the bully. "If he's any good at all the other fellow will bring it out of him," reasoned Boyle.

The fight was on. Right off the reel the tough one floored Ace. When he arose another right hand on the chin laid Ace flat on his back. At the count of five, Ace recovered his senses "Eight" drawled the timekeeper. Ace reeled against the ropes. His opponent let fly another right. As the punch slid by Hudkins' chin, Ace shot in a left hook to the body. As Mr. Tough Guy tried to catch his second wind Ace crossed with the right and knocked him dead as a doornail.

"You'll do," was Boyle's verdict.

A few more fights came "in the sticks." In the meantime the Hudkins family, consisting of six brothers besides Ace, and their mother, was in dire circumstances.

Brother Clyde sensed the situation. In other words, he figured a great fighter and a big money getter was in the making in his immediate household. So he did the next best thing. Boyle was dismissed as manager. Clyde took up the managerial reins where Boyle left off.

The next thing Clyde did was to hire another brother, Art, as Ace's trainer. Incidentally the fighting Hudkins was christened Ace. The trio are referred to as "Ace, Deuce and Trey," just as a joke, to get a laugh from the boys in Tin Ear Alley.

Has Had Meteoric Career

THREE years ago no one had ever heard of Ace Hudkins except in Nebraska. The four-round game was still flourishing on the Pacific coast when the Hudkins brothers decided to go out there. When they arrived at Los Angeles they had $2 among them. Ace's first engagement was with Dick Hoppe, who was going great guns.

The fight will live long in the memories of those who saw it. Ace held the California idol to a draw. He got $500 for his "end," a world of money to the Hudkins tribe of Nebraska.

As a matter of fact, the Hoppe fight made Hudkins on the Coast. Ace tore through the raft of junior lightweights and lightweights as if they were standing still. His greatest feat was making Joe Benjamin hang up his gloves. He flattened the rough, tough Phil Salvatore. His battle with "Mushy" Callahan was another classic.

Ace made a profound impression in the East a few weeks ago. He celebrated his New York debut by knocking out the local pride, Ruby Goldstein, in the fourth of six scheduled rounds. He chased Ruby right out of the picture.

The finish was a dramatic one. In the first round Ruby floored Ace as if shot. A left hook to the stomach in the second was fatal to Goldie. In the fourth a combination left hook and right cross dropped Goldstein on the second strand of the ropes. Where he

lay on his back while the timekeeper and referee counted him out.

Fans Were Dumbfounded

IT was a picture second to none. The twenty thousand fans crowded into the Coney Island Stadium were dumbfounded to see their choice mowed down. Goldstein was 1 to 4 favorite. Several persons who wanted to wager on Hudkins to win by a knockout were hustled off for observation in a psychopathic ward.

The victory made Hudkins a big card in New York. The Goldstein fight was his first and last over the short distance in New York State, where boys under twenty-one are not permitted to box more than six rounds.

"He's a second Ad Wlogast and Bat Nelson rolled in one," agreed New York fistic experts. The Herculean feat of bowling over the pride of the Ghetto, who was press-agented as a second Benny Leonard, made Hudkins the raging sensation in Father Knickerbocker's domain. His services were in demand the whole and breadth of the country. But he kept his word with the Coney Island promoters to fight for them only because they advanced him $1,000 for transportation.

Ace got a bit homesick and chased back home for a few days. Upon his return he was matched with Stanislaus Loayza, Chilean lightweight champion. Another big crowd sat in at the fireworks. They saw Loayza get off to a long lead using a left jab and hook to good effect. The tide in Ace's favor began to turn after the seventh round and he punished the boy from below the Isthmus severely in the midsection.

Hudkins Battles to Draw

THEY fought one another all over the place in the next three stanzas. Loayza was dead tired when the twelfth and last session arrived. Had the bout gone three more rounds Hudkins would have finished him. As it was the officials called the contest a draw. It was a good decision.

Hudkins was 1 to 3 favorite to defeat Phil McGraw in his third eastern battle. The Detroit Greek made some of the Wildcat's friends wish they had never bet on him in the first five rounds of the contest. McGraw shot in left hooks to the body with monotonous regularity crossing the right opportunely. Hudkins bided his time. He allowed McGraw to fight himself out, as it were. Then he started to work on him with the result that he carried the milling to his antagonist in the ensuing ten heats.

What a whale of a battle that was! It was nip and tuck every second they were in there. Hudkins won that bout!

For his three shots in New York Ace was enrichened to the tune of $30,000. He got $6,000 for the Goldstein kayo, $12,000 against Loayza and the remainder from the McGraw duel.

Between the Loayza and McGraw fights, Bill Duffy, owner of the Silver Slipper on Broadway and Forty-eighth Street, purchased an interest in the rightly named Wildcat. He paid $10,000 for the privilege of cutting into the profits. Looks like Handsome Bill picked up a bargain.

Just Before the Knockout

Stanley Ketchel, face battered, in the 12th round with Jack Johnson, Oct. 16, 1909.

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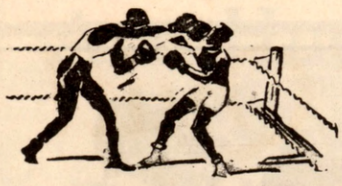
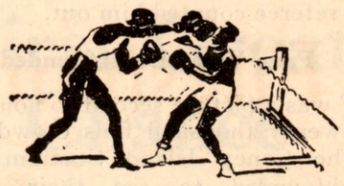


As We See It



By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor

Tiger Flowers Still King

TIGER FLOWERS continues to reign as middleweight king through the inability of Harry Greb to gain a decision over him in a return bout held in Madison Square Garden on August 18. Fortunately for the Georgia Deacon, there is no hitter of the Jack Delaney type in the division over which the negro reigns, otherwise there would be a new champion crowned the first time such "socker" clashed with the title holder. Both Flowers and Greb are of the mauling, cuffing type, who, while they at times please the fight fans, fail to rank with the standard bearers of former days—Ketchell, Joe Thomas, Billy Papke, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Willie Lewis, Bob Fitzsimmons, Billy Klaus, and many other stars.

More fighting, less cuffing, less hugging, less complaining, less slopping and rough house work, is what the fight follower, the man who pays the freight, is eager to see in a champion. While we honor the Tiger for his gentlemanly maners and his fighting spirit, we must find fault with him for his absolute lack of display of ring generalship, science, and other qualities which should belong to one who prides himself on being a champion.

* * *

Greb, the Iron Man

AS for Harry Greb, the will is still there but the fighting spirit of old is gone, never again to return. In the vernacular, he is burnt out. He still is able to tantalize an opponent through the use of foul tactics—gouging, butting, slapping and heeling—but the tireless windmill action of a few months back is a thing of the past with the former champion.

Yet, in passing, we cannot but utter a word of praise for this iron man of the ring. Like Johnny Dundee, he is a veteran whose record is hard to duplicate. For thirteen years he has fought professionally, and during that time he has met men in all classes, from middleweights to heavyweights. Oftimes he has given away twenty-five pounds and triumphed.

He has held two titles, middleweight and light heavyweight, and has fought close to 250 battles and has been knocked out only once, that in his first year as a pro by Joe Chip. He has fought such men as Mike and Tom Gibbons, Bill Brennan, Gunboat Smith, Kid Norfolk, Bob Roper, Charley Weinert, Billy Miske and Gene Tunney, and has never drawn the color line. Big and small, light and heavy, they all looked alike to Greb.

Harry still has many a good fight left in him if only he will buckle down to business and forget the lure of the lights fantastic.

* * *

The Championship Bout

PHILADELPHIA obtained the world's heavyweight championship bout between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, because neither Chicago nor New York, where it properly belonged, would have it. Governor Pinchot, Mayor Kendrick and the Boxing Commission of Pennsylvania are to be congratulated upon their broad-mindedness in accepting that which, in a state where the blue law rules with an iron hand, was bound to bring considerable criticism from church organizations.

Governor Pinchot deserves the thanks of all true lovers of sport for his answer to those who have pleaded for a ban on the contest.

"Pennsylvania, through its legislators, has legalized boxing. It has a state commission that under the law supervises boxing. Just so long as this law is on the statute books, I see no reason for interfering with it. If boxing is legal, there must be no distinction between a championship bout and any other bout, and for this reason I shall give my sanction to the Dempsey-Tunney affair."

Well spoken words of a great Governor! No beating around the bush! No subterfuge of any kind! Just straight from the shoulder words of a most convincing nature!

We reiterate what we said editorially in our last issue—we wanted a Dempsey-Wills battle. We wanted a Dempsey-Tunney battle. We wanted any battle in which Jack Dempsey was to be a participant so that the heavyweight division would not meet with strangulation.

* * *

THE fiasco in New York is a thing of the past, yet we cannot help but call attention to the fact that at least it has raised one most important point—that of the License Committee, unless a court of law rules otherwise, has placed itself above the Boxing Commission. It doesn't greatly matter whether the heavyweight championship bout is fought in New York, Chicago or Philadelphia, but it makes a great difference to the future of boxing in the Empire State if the License Board can overthrow any act of the supposedly superior Boxing Board.

What a pity that the Dempsey-Tunney case was not carried into the highest court of the State of New York for a definite ruling on the powers of the various boxing bodies! Tex Rickard, after declaring his intention to test the right of the License Commission to refuse a sanction for the bout, later announced that he would take the fight to Philadelphia rather than jeopardize the future of boxing by airing the matter in court. We here quote an excellent editorial on the subject in the New York Times:

"What could have been more to its benefit than judicial interpretation of a law which, if left at loose ends, will continue to divide the regulating commission and make confusion worse confounded? The courts would either have upheld the opinion of Attorney General Ottinger that 'it is not within the power of the License Commission to base its refusal of a license upon a ground which involves and which is counter to the official action of the Athletic Commission in its exclusive sphere,' or the judgment rendered would have pointed out the necessity of amending the law to make the License Committee subordinate to the commission.

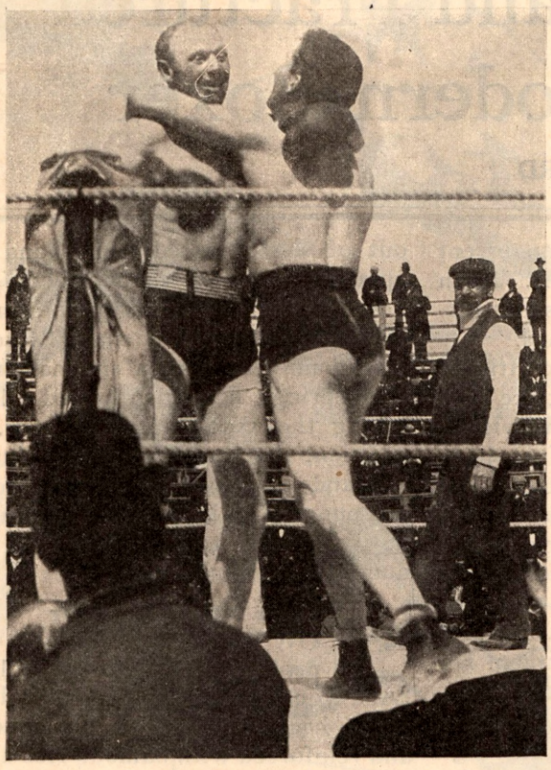
"If the Attorney General was not right, the commission's 'sole direction' (to quote the law), 'management, control and jurisdiction over' all boxing, is subject to the higher authority of the License Committee and may be disregarded and defied at any time.

"That could not have been the intention of the lawmakers. Two rival bodies cannot regulate boxing in New York and protect the public from imposition and fraud. The commission and the License Committee have been working at cross-purposes, with the result that New York has lost the heavyweight championship bout.

"The sport is in danger of foundering under a law drawn to legalize and regulate it, when such a thing can happen. It will be the duty of the next Legislature to recast the Walker law and define the duties of the commission and the License Committee in their relation to each other, so

(Continued on page 38)

Fitzsimmons begged him to Quit!



Fitzsimmons and Corbett in the seventh round at Carson City

"The champion never quits!" retorted the Nonpareil, puffing a crimson spray from his lips. "You've got to knock me out."

Fitzsimmons considered it an act of mercy to drop this incomparable man and to terminate his agony. He hauled off. The Nonpareil crashed forward with his mouth in the mud.

"To my dying day," said Fitzsimmons, describing this fight, "I will see 'im lying there with the little red bubbles busting as 'e breathed heavily into the earth. I picked 'im up and helped carry 'im to 'is corner. I never lifted a braver man to 'is feet."

THRILLS FOR A MILLION FIGHT FANS

The Inside Story, told in racy fashion, of a World Champion of the Prize Ring, the Fighter who conquered Corbett

"Ruby Robert"

Alias Bob Fitzsimmons

By Robert H. Davis

Introduction by **W. O. McGEEHAN,** Sports Editor of the New York Herald-Tribune

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"It is absolutely the best thing I have read in a long time. There is a thrill in it all the way through, the crunch of resin, the roar of a crowd—and there's a whole lot more. It's the saga of a wonderful character, and it makes the kind of reading that you don't stop until it's done."

JOE HUMPHRIES:

"Laughter, humor and heart interest combined make this book the best of its kind I have ever read. Everyone should read it who is interested in the fight game."

GRANTLAND RICE,
The Sportlight, New York Herald-Tribune:

"A great story of the greatest fighter, pound for pound, that ever threw a fist. 'Ruby Robert' is a real contribution to the literature of the resin and the ropes."

JOE VILLA,
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"The best book ever written of Fitzsimmons. Bob Davis relates new facts and incidents in the great fighter's career."

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Devices Which Banish Cauliflower Ears, Broken Teeth and Fractured Hands Help the Modern Boxer

By "LANK" LEONARD

WHILE on a visit to Jack Dempsey's training camp at Atlantic City recently, we went on a personally conducted tour of the place under the management of the picturesque Jerry the Greek. We came into a room jammed with equipment of every description,—boxing gloves, boxing dummies, punching bags, rubber reducing suits, skipping ropes, protectors for teeth and protectors for knuckles.

It was an amazing sight, this collection of paraphernalia, and we chuckled as we gazed at the sotehouse and harked back over the years to John L. Sullivan and other exponents of the Rough and Tough Age of American pugilism.

"I wonder what Sullivan or Corbett and Fitz would have thought of this collection of aids and protectors," we said to those who were making the tour with us. "No wonder our fighters are without facial blemish, and the cauliflower ear, once the trade mark of the ring, is becoming as extinct as the dodo bird."

"No wonder the boxers of the present make such fine screen heroes," said Jerry the Greek—Jerry Louvadis, when he signs his name. "Here's the man who is responsible for most of this stuff"—and Jerry brought into the picture Ben Golomb, of the Everlast Sporting Goods Manufacturing Company, of New York, which has been responsible for the introduction and invention of most of the paraphernalia we have mentioned.

Result of Hard Work

"DID you men think all this out, or did you happen on the stuff by accident?" we asked Golomb, who was on the scene to measure Dempsey for a pair of training suits.

"Every one of those things you see in the store room represents days of thought, nights of perfecting, and hours and hours of labor," came back Golomb. "I should say we thought all this out. First we had to invent the particular piece demanded. Then we had to work until it was perfected. And we never are finished.

"We never take the egoistic attitude that we have been able to strike perfection. We believe that everything can be improved and therefore have a staff of men who do nothing but work in our experimental laboratory in New York, trying to improve everything that will protect the boxer.

"Very often we get out a device which we believe is the last word. Then we take it to the champion. He tries it in a practical way and announces that it is no good. This announcement may be founded on judgment of the soundest sort. It may be due to a whim. But we have got to meet the champion full way and we get to work again.

"Let us go around and examine the various pieces of equipment and you will get a clear idea of what I mean, —and what this paraphernalia means to fighters."

Then we started on our little excursion around the Dempsey store room.

That Human Dummy

"HERE is our new dummy bag," went on the Everlast man. "It's a far cry from the old army duffle bag stuffed with sand, which was a detriment to the hands. We saw that the ancient sand bag was not satisfactory and set about making a substitute which would approximate the reactions of the human body as nearly as possible. And this is the result."

We examined the dummy to which he pointed. It was a bag made of heavy cowhide, sewn by hand. The leather is lined with sail-canvas, which prevents its stretching out of shape. Against the canvas lies a one inch layer of sponge rubber, which takes up the shock of the punches. Inside there is a filling of ground cork. All sorts of materials were tried, but it was found that the cork was easiest on the hands, did not get the dummy out of shape, lasted longer and best approximated the human body.

At the top, the dummy was attached to the ceiling with a chain, which in turn connected with a six inch heavy wire spring. This also helped a lot in taking the shock off the hands. In addition, the spring gave the dummy life and a "comeback," which forced the puncher to be on the alert just as he would have to be in the ring. The dummy was almost human.

The Hand Protector

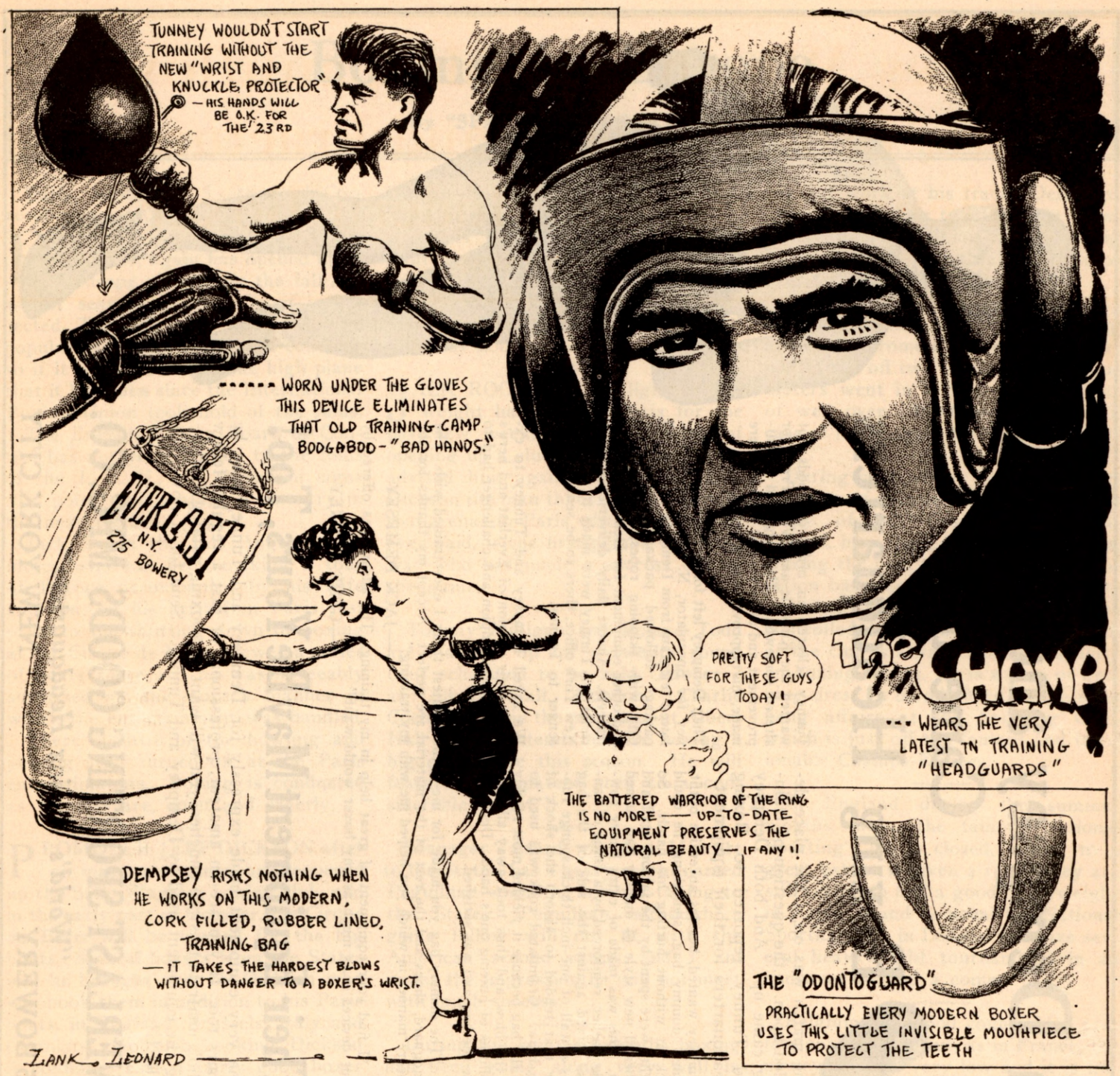
"NOW we come to the new hand protector," continued Golomb. "And you see, it is a fingerless black glove, heavily padded at the knuckles and reinforced with bamboo ribs at the thumb and back of the hand. This looks like one of those ancient caestuses with which the Roman gladiators of the days of the Caesars delighted in killing each other in the Coliseum. But as a matter of fact it is innocent as a weapon and most effective as protection.

"The lower part of the glove reaches down the wrist and supports that part of the arm. Here you have a little device which prevents boxers from breaking hands in training,—the old bugaboo which ruined many a championship match of other days. Before we got out this glove boxers had to wind yards of felt tape around their hands. All he has to do now is to slip on the glove and go to it.

"Now we come to the skipping rope. It is an important help to training, for it speeds him up and improves his legs and his wind. Some folks think that the rope is a toy around the camp, but they would be astonished to realize the true value of rope skipping. The old fashioned clothes line has given way to the extra strength sash cord, fastened to aluminum swivels, which turn on wooden handles. The handles give a better grip and the swivels speed up the turn of the rope."

That Inhuman Bag

WE wandered on and came to Dempsey's punching bag. "Look



this baby over very closely," said Golomb. "It has taken punches that have knocked out Willard, Brennan, Firpo, and others, but it still is on the job, asking for more. This bag is hand sewn of the finest leather obtainable. It has to be perfect to withstand the terrific beating it gets nearly every day.

"When Dempsey punches the bag he has little lead weights in the palms of his gloves. These bring the weight of the gloves up to six ounces,—the same weight of his fighting gloves. You see, no detail is too small to overlook."

On a table nearby, in an antiseptic solution, was a thing which at first sight looked like a cast for grandmother's false teeth.

"This is the rubber teeth protector which Dempsey wears when he is working with his sparring partners," said Golomb.

"It covers the upper teeth and acts as a cushion for blows to the mouth. It prevents split lips and the loss of teeth. It is small, but one of the most important things we make.

The inspection continued. We came to a gear which looked like a football player's helmet.

Gone Are the Cauliflowers!

"THIS is the headguard, which protects the ears, eyebrows, forehead and cheekbones," continued the Everlast man.

"It is made of the best kind of leather, padded well throughout, with aluminum cups to protect the ears. This is the contraption which has helped to take the cauliflower ear out of the ring. Most of the cauliflowers were grown in training, but now no self respecting boxer works with his ears exposed. For the tired business man who likes to box we make headguards which cover the face,—everything but the eyes.

"Here you have the chief devices for the aid and protection of the poor ring hero."

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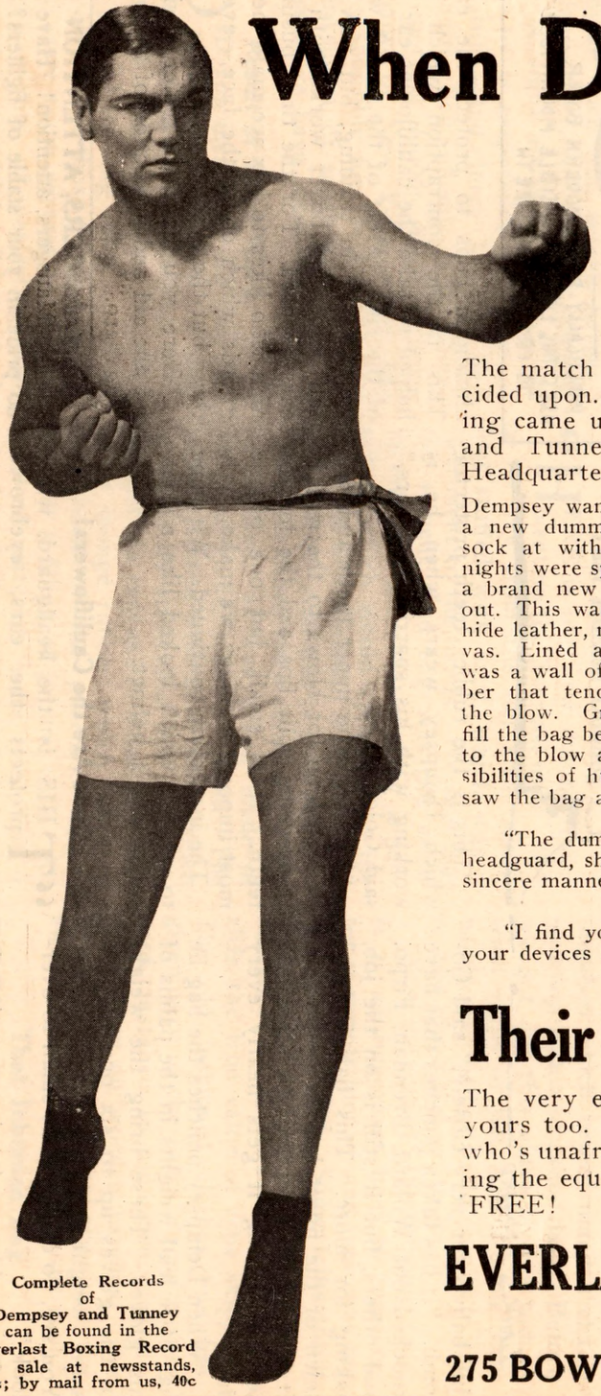
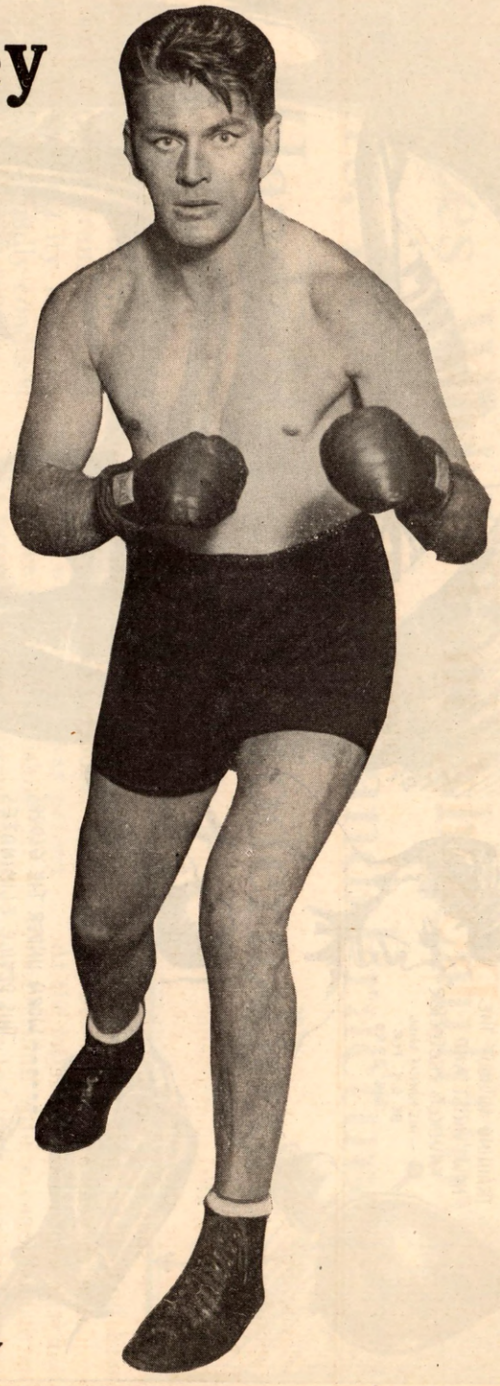


When Dempsey and Tunney Came to Boxing Headquarters



The match was on. . .the place decided upon. . .the question of training came up. And both Dempsey and Tunney reported to Boxing Headquarters for their equipment.

Dempsey wanted, besides an entire outfit, a new dummy bag, something he could sock at without hurting his hands. So nights were spent by the factory staff and a brand new style of dummy bag turned out. This was made of extra heavy cowhide leather, reinforced by a lining of canvas. Lined against the side of the bag was a wall of one-inch thick sponge rubber that tended to absorb the shock of the blow. Granulated cork was used to fill the bag because it yielded most readily to the blow and thus took away all possibilities of hurting one's hand. Dempsey saw the bag and was satisfied.

Tunney selected an order of goods but wanted the Knuckle and Wrist Protector altered somewhat. He suggested an improvement and after several changes were made, his approval was given.

Then Dempsey left for Atlantic City, Tunney for Speculator, N. Y. Telegram followed telegram from Dempsey's camp and package followed package to Atlantic City with skipping ropes, shoes, gloves and other equipment for Dempsey and his trainers. Almost daily deliveries of material for Tunney were made to Gibson's New York office, there to be sent by messenger to Tunney.

We asked Dempsey and Tunney to express their opinion of Everlast and here's what the champion and challenger had to say:

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Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

Paris, September 5.—(Special Correspondence of The Ring.)

BOXING, after a rest of a few months, again has opened up in Europe and during the fall and winter seasons a great boom is expected. The fistic sport is getting more popular each year and it will continue so if it is kept on the same high plane that it has been since the International Boxing Union took hold of the reins.

The English Boxing Board of Control has not yet returned to the folds of the I. B. U., but there are signs that point to it making a re-entry in the near future.

Jack Doyle the Los Angeles promoter who has been making a tour of Europe accompanied by his wife and son, on his arrival in Paris just prior to the shutting down of boxing at the Cirque de Paris, viewed a series of bouts there and he was agreeably surprised at the superb manner in which the entertainment was handled.

There is little of the howling and yelping stuff turned off at the Paris entertainments. Boxing is conducted as theatres are, quiet and orderly.

PROMOTER JEFF DICKSON after an inactive summer, has reopened up the Salle-Wagram boxing club, and in the early part of October, the Cirque de Paris will be opened for the big bouts. Several boxers from the States will be brought over by Dickson who will book them in addition to his Paris bouts, in England, Brussels, Italy and Germany. By such booking Dickson is confident that a fairly good boxer can pick in a one year tour about $20,000.

During the summer season when the clubs in Paris were closed, several bouts were run off at the seaside and inland summer resorts of France but the entertainments were poorly attended and all were run off at a loss.

There is a light heavy-weight in Europe by the name of Al. Genner, of Italian-French nationality. He did considerable fighting last year in and around Prague and won all of his fights with the exception of one, by knockouts. He weighs in condition about full up to the limit. He will be one of the season's features at the Cirque de Paris. Promoter Dickson has him signed up for three years.

Genner has issued a challenge to fight Paolina, the supposed Lion of the Pyrenees, but the new manager of the supposed Lion has seen Genner fight and he wants to save his meal ticket by dodging Genner.

JACK ROOT, the old light heavyweight has been in Paris for the past few weeks. He is thinking of opening up a club in Paris but I have advised him against doing so. Jeff. Dickson the man that controls the only two arenas in Paris where boxing has ever paid, is the first person since the war who has made a success out of the game.

Tommy Milligan and Roland Todd are matched up for a twenty round bout scheduled to be held October 7 at Albert Hall, London. Charlie Cochran is now the promoter at Albert Hall and he intends to give boxing a big play there this season. He will feature the amateur stuff to a considerable extent.

Manager Taitard, who took Mascart to the States, has a heavyweight named Peguilhan whom he intends taking to the States. Peguilhan, although a game fellow will not fit with the American second raters, and I am under the impression he will not meet with much success.

During the summer months boxing has been going along very well in Italy. At a recent entertainment held in Rome Jack Walker, the former American colored sailor who is now fighting in the General Descamps stable, received a point decision over Ernest Tyncke. In another bout Paul Fritsch fought a ten round draw with the Italian lightweight champion, Mario Farabullini.

Firpo sent word recently from South America that he will return to Europe in the near future and fight Paolino, the "Lion of the Pyrenees," in Spain. Then, if he defeats the Lion, Luis intends to go to the States.

Since Paolino broke away from General Descamps, he has been practically without work at his trade. Descamps kept him fighting two or three times a month. The "Lion" made a big mistake when he threw Descamps over for a cheap manager.

The opposition club that opened up at the Velodrome d'Hiver in Paris last winter ran off two shows, and the promoters went in a hole to the extent of well over 100,000 francs. It is a case of never again for them.

During next winter the Casino Corporation of Deauville, which controls many of the Casinos throughout France, may stage some boxing bouts. During the past two years the Corporation has staged bouts at the Sporting Club of France in Paris, which is controlled by it and the gymnasium of the club is always filled to capacity on boxing nights. It is a case of evening dress to be admitted to the slam bang affairs at the Sporting Club, which is just off the famous and fashionable Champs-Elysees.

In England during the summer months, when the famous National Sporting Club is closed, boxing to a great extent is given a rest. They are still trying to find a good heavyweight in England, and as usual the National Sporting Club in London will give several heavyweight tournaments in an endeavor to find a comer.

Belgium is a good country for professional boxing, but, as in France, the money there is very low and it is impossible to offer inducements enough to get the English or German boxers to fight there.

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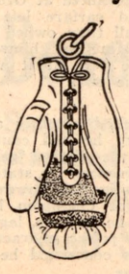

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New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

WHILE New York mourned the loss of the Dempsey-Tunney fight, local enthusiasts found solace in the fact that they didn't have to travel hundreds of miles to see the world heavyweight titular duel. The Philadelphia battleground was only a two-hour ride. About fifty thousand local fans sat in at the big pugilistic feast. Father Knick's loss was Father Penn's gain.

With Dempsey and Tunney in the Quaker City the local papers didn't have to devote columns upon columns of space to the fight, although they handled it right well. Most of the papers, however, had correspondents at both training camps. On the other hand the Philly scribblers got callous on their fingers chronicling the minutest details.

Promoter Tex Rickard hopped back and forth supervising the thousands and one odd details in connection with the tremendous extravaganza. He aged ten years. But through it all he maintained a solid front and in the final analysis pleased all hands.

Two old hands at the modern art were the bright particular stars of another exciting two months in Gotham fisticuffs. You don't have to think twice—Johnny Dundee and Mike McTigue. The former put up an exhilirating exhibition against Fred Bretonnel, so-called European lightweight champion, who got a big rep on the supposition that he chased Johnny out of France two years and a half ago. What the veteran Dundee did to Monsieur Bretonnel convinced the skeptics that the French reports of the alleged run out were all to the Camembert. Johnny smacked Bretonnel all over the Ebbets Field ring and he accomplished the chastisement with his left hand. The right mauler went out of gear as early as the third round. Bretonnel learned of Dundee's predicament in the next session but try as he might he couldn't get within breathing distance of his sharp shooting opponent. Dundee literally left hooked the visitor to pieces. The unfortunate injury put Johnny on the shelf for six weeks. He had to cancel a $10,000 shot with Tod Morgan in San Francisco. Dundee isn't through by any means. He can still give most of the feathers and junior lights a head start and beat them without half trying. Which goes to prove that there are not many good fighters in the ring today. It was thought that Dundee had seen his best days two years ago but he's still up there in the big money.

McTigue has been a revelation in his last two starts. Like Dundee, bowld Mike can whip the general run of light heavies with his brain, if nothing else. But the former champion flashed his deadly right on King Solomon with the result that he laid low the Syrian in eleven heats. His downfall at the hands of Jack Delaney didn't discourage Michael. It made him all the more confident in his ability to retrieve his laurels. Right after the Delaney kayo McTigue stunned a big crowd in the new Garden by lambasting the tar out of Johnny Risko.

Mike has a big bankroll but he is going to clean up before hanging up his gloves. He is being handled by the astute Jimmy Johnston. McTigue is anxious to get a return match with Delaney. If Pete Reilly, Jack's manager, says the word Tex Rickard will be glad to stage it. The bout will draw a record house.

While Dundee and McTigue go on like Tennyson's Brook, high living has exacted its toll of Harry Greb. He is no longer the flashy, fast stepping gladiator that he was two years ago. He lost his speed on the dance floors in the gilded palaces. Shorn of his middleweight laurels by the Negro Tiger Flowers, the Pittsburger grieved until it seemed his heart would burst. He tried to stage a comeback. Flowers gladly gave him a return match. In the second meeting Harry endeavored to turn the tables on the Gawgia Deacon but the clean living Flowers outscored him in fifteen listless rounds. It was one of the worst championship fights we have ever seen. Several hundred friends who came on from Pittsburgh were not only disappointed at Greb's showing but were lucky they had carfare left to get back home with after betting all they owned on their idol. Greb has no one to blame but himself. He played the game of high life for all it was worth, and he was the loser in the end.

Benny Leonard went off half cocked recently and after realizing the irreparable injury he had caused by his assertion that "boxing is the dirtiest game in the world," he tried to beg forgiveness by stating that he had been misquoted. Investigation however, revealed that the retired lightweight champion had o. k.'d the story in question, and he had no legitimate out. He ruined himself as a public character, and so far as the sporting world is concerned he is persona non grata.

Leonard must have been out of his head when he, posing as a jury, indicted the sport that helped make him what he is today—independently wealthy and famous. Perhaps Mr. Leonard did not recall an old, true saying, "Don't bite the hand that feeds you." Might find it to his advantage to brush up on axioms.

The Leonard slur on the sport came like a bolt out of the clear blue to thousands of fans, few remaining of his legion of friends, boxers and others who have the best interest of the red blooded man's game at heart. Through all of the remainder of the interview in which he calls attention to the shortcomings of some of the youngsters who are trying to make their way into the boxing world, panning cheap gymnasiums and clubs which they have to patronize and appear in, forgetting for the nonce that he was once a struggling boy himself, the young reformer offers no constructive criticism.

From a scrawny East Side youth to a healthy West End Avenue resident, reads the life history of Benny Leonard. "The dirtiest game in the world" helped him reach the dizzy heights of wealth and fame. If he stopped a moment to think, he probably couldn't realize how good boxing had been to him. It might appear all like a dream.

After he hung up his gloves, Leonard essayed to become an actor. The public accepted him in his new role because he was a champion boxer. Or, as Johnny Dundee more aptly put it: "A fighter who goes on the stage is looked upon as a freak. The people don't go in there expecting to see him act, a la John Barrymore or John Drew, but just because he's a sort of a freak."

When Leonard writes his memoirs, the present generation will scan through the pages quickly to learn how he didn't make weight for most of his championship tilts, and the "hectic duels" he fought with such well known opponents as Jack Britton, Rocky Kansas and Ted (Kid) Lewis. Benny's book is not an open one.

Not since the halycon days of Owen Moran, Jimmy Wilde, Jem Driscoll, Georges Carpentier and one or two other European luminaries, has a finer lot of foreigners hit these shores than the last batch that came over from England, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and France.

Ted Broadribb, famous as Snowball of another era, chaperoned a flock of good looking candidates for titular honors. They included Teddy Baldock, crack flyweight, who celebrated his American debut by whipping Mickey Gill; Jack Hood, welterweight champion who fought the rough, tough Jimmy Jones in the new Garden, and Alf Mancini.

Baldock looks like the best flyweight developed in England since the celebrated Wilde and Hood showed he is a topnotcher of the first rank. Baldock astounded a large crowd at Rockaway by the skillful manner in which he made Gill play to his music. The youngster is sure to make a big name for himself in America. The next time he fights make it your business to go and see him perform. He's a treat for the eye.

Harry Persson, the big Swede, electrified several thousand fans in the new Garden by coming from behind and battering Johnny Risko from pillar to post. His best stock in trade is a right hand uppercut. He came here labelled European heavyweight champion by virtue of a kayo victory over Phil Scott, and he lived up to his advance notices.

Not forgetting Knute Hansen, giant Dane. In two appearances he knocked out Porgio, the Argentinian, in jig time and ten nights later he laid low Romero Rojas in three heats. Hansen has the build of an Apollo and a feminine frontispiece. He looks like the best of the foreign heavyweight crop.

Next to Baldock, the best of the little invaders is Andre Routis, European featherweight champion. The Frenchman thrilled a big assemblage at Ebbets Field by the masterly fashion in which he whipped Eddie Anderson. He showered punches on the erstwhile Wyoming cowhand from every imaginable angle. Pete Reilly, who manages Jack Delaney, thought so much of Routis' performance that he purchased him for a large sum of money. He had to take Bretonnel in to bind the bargain.

A few days later he gave Bretonnel into the care of Frank (Doc) Bagley, gratis. The biggest bust turnedup in Francis Charles, labelled "light heavyweight champion of Europe." He was even worse than Herr Plaacke who was knocked bowlegged by Kid McCoy. Paul Berlenbach rocked the big Frenchman to sleep in less than a round. Charles took the first out for his dear Paree.

One can't blame Dan Hickey for centering all his attention on Monte Munn. The erstwhile Nebraska barrister looms up as a real contender for the heavyweight championship. In another six months or a year he may be found knocking at door of the titleholder.

Hickey has been guiding the young man like a mother would her child. He is picking his spots and dropping him in with setups. Before the year is out Munn will have to show his colors against some of the topnotchers. Then a better line will be had on his ability. Right now he looks like a rare prospect. In addition to his hitting he can take it and owns a good noodle.

All he needs is sprucing up on his boxing. For a big fellow he is like Pavlowa on his feet. Keep your eyes peeled on this fellow. In his last start he punched Jim Sigman full of holes. Sigman was glad when the referee stepped in before the first round was over.

Babe Herman turned in a capital performance against Petie Mack but he suffered a cut over the right eye. A few nights later he trekked to Philadelphia where Benny Bass trimmed him in ten rounds. Bass scored three knockdowns. Herman needs a rest. He has been fighting consistently of late, and has amassed a small fortune. Unlike fighters of another era, the Babe has saved his earnings with the result that he has purchased a tenement house in addition to owning his own home, and in time to come he will live on the fat of the land.

Only a earthquake will stop Andy Divoli from reaching the dizzy heights of the welterweight ladder. The popular Bayridge Italian wrecked the winning streak of Harry Ebbets by beating him decisively in six rounds. Ebbets landed his right twice on Andy's jaw but Divodi shook 'em off as if they were snow flakes. He picked up some more soft money by whaling the tar out of Irish Tommy Jordan.

Don't get the idea that Ebbets is not a good fighter. He is a fine looking prospect. In spite of the Divodi defeat, the Freeport socker continued where he left off by whipping Paul Gulotta.

The Pioneer on East Twenty-fourth Street reopened on September 28. Lew Raymond remains at the helm.

The Coney Island Stadium has made more money than all the other outdoor clubs combined. The rainy spell put a crimp into the bankrolls of some of the promoters. Ace Hudkins saved the seashore arena. His three appearances netted the owners a healthy sum on the right side of the ledger. The Queensboro will show a small profit. Most of the Queensboro nights were rained out.

Ace Hudkins, who got $12,000 for whipping Phil McGraw, returned the next day to his Lincoln, Neb., home. He will return the latter part of this month. He earned $30,000 during his stay in the east.

Frank Bachman has posted a certified check of $2,500 with the Boxing Commission to bind a match between his protege Maxie Rosenbloom and champion Tiger Flowers. Previous to boxing Johnny Wilson, Rosenbloom created a great stir by whipping Davey Shade twice handsrunning. That he is a topnotch middleweight goes without saying. He also holds decisions over George Courtney, Frank Moody, Frankie Schoell, Chuck Burns and Lew Scozza and in one of his last battles he flattened Jamaica Kid. Maxie also gave Jack Delaney a warm argument for ten rounds in Philly and held his own with Jimmy Slattery and Harry Greb. He also looms up as a dangerous foeman in the light heavyweight class.

Johnny Watkins is handling a pretty good looking junior lightweight prospect in Frankie Curcio. He hails from Harlem.

Solly Kronich, Hebrew welter from California, is in New York seeking engagements. He was successful on the Coast, but the 147-pound brigade are the poorest money getters in the Golden State. He is anxious to meet Joe Dundee, Georgie Ward, Paul Doyle, Andy Divodi, Harry Ebbets, Joe Simonich or "Farmer" Joe Cooper. He is under the direction of Billy McCarney and Joe Jacobs.

Russie Le Roy, of Fargo, N. D., ls fighting his way into the same high position as occupied by his stablemate Billy Petrolle. Le Roy turned in another clean-cut win a few weeks ago when he defeated Al Conway, rugged Philadelphian. On Labor Day he fought "Spug" Meyers in Chicago.

Johnny Erickson, Harlem flyweight, has been winning consistently and is gaining a nice following by his aggressive tactics. Erickson, who formerly held the Metropolitan amateur title, is of the "club fighter" type. He is still in his teens.

Joe Stoessel, elongated Bronx heavyweight, has a new manager. Harry Lenny, who was once a good fighter himself and who became famous almost overnight by his skillful seconding of Jack Delaney on the night "Bright Eyes" knocked out Paul Berlenbach is handling the young giant. Lenny believes he can whip him into a "contender." Stoessel has height, reach, and weight. He has proven his worth under fire. But he needs plenty of schooling on the fine points of the manly art before he can make some of the other big fellows run to cover.

Minute Rests Between Rounds

CALIFORNIA BOXING NOTES
By TOM ANDREWS

BABY JOE GANS, colored lightweight of the coast, who is being boosted by Larney Lichtenstein as the boy to take Sammy Mandell's title away from him, will have to get by Mushy Callahan first. They are to meet at Jack Doyle's Vernon arena early in August, and if Baby Joe can beat Callahan then he will be entitled to a match with Mandell.

Leo Lomski, the Seattle middleweight, has been matched with "Cowboy" Jack Wills of San Francisco at Vernon for a battle, August 24th. Wills is also to meet Bert Colima in a return contest at the same place within a few weeks.

Jimmy Maloney, the Boston heavyweight, had been booked for a meeting with the winner of the Chuck Wiggins-Charley Weinert bout in Los Angeles, but when the latter two were reprimanded for fouling at the Olympic Club the match with Maloney was dropped.

Jackie Fields, the Los Angeles lightweight, who defeated Roscoe Hall at the Legion Club, has received an offer to go to Australia for a series of matches. It is not probable that Jackie will go at this time, as his manager, Gigham Rooney, is just beginning to reap the reward for sticking to the little fellow like a grand parent.

Harry Morrison, head of the Lincoln Athletic Club of San Francisco, has been refused a license to conduct a club in that city. Morrison is State Assemblyman.

Jack Silver, the San Francisco lightweight, who recently defeated Mushy Callahan, is planning a trip to New York City. Silver would like to get a shot at Ace Hudkins in the east.

Fidel LaBarba, flyweight champion, has gone east for a little vacation, but while there it is probable that Manager George Blake will arrange a match for the coast champion. LaBarba may engage in a match or two, but it is not certain that he will defend his title again inside of six months, as he has had a rather lively campaign the past year and don't care about making 112 pounds except for a big match.

Everett Strong, the Omaha middleweight, is going great guns on the coast. His work against Billy Atkinson the other night, when he got the verdict, was the best he has shown out west. Strong has been after Lomski and Colima for some time.

Capt. Seth Strellinger, head of the Boxing Commission, handed out a severe penalty to Chuck Wiggins, Charlie Weinert and their managers in Los Angeles, when he confiscated their share of the gate receipts and suspended all. Capt. Strellinger stated that he was severe because he intended to wipe out all foul fighting on the coast or know the reason why. The Captain is to be commended for his stand, but still there are times when a little lienency should be shown, and from all accounts Wiggins did not foul intentionally. The referee, Ben Whitman, tried his best to prevent any such happening by warning both Weinert and Wiggins that they were hitting too low, but his warning was not heeded.

Jack Sparr, a very good 138-pounder on the coast, tried to make 135 pounds for Tommy O'Brien and thereby lost his chance to even matters with the foxy Tommy. Sparr at 138 pounds is a right good fighter and hard to beat, but getting down to a weight that hurt him took away all his chances. It only added to Tommy's long string of victories on the coast since he returned there from New York a year ago.

Eddie Huffman had a wonderful chance to put out the colored champion middleweight—Tiger Flowers—at Ascot Park, but he failed to think fast enough when he had the chance. He had the Tiger flat on his back in the third round, but failed to follow his advantage and gave the champion time to recover and eventually beat him.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By SOX PINTO

Tommy Kid Murphy, dubbed "Trenton Lightning Rod," and picked by experts as next lightweight champion, traveled to New Orleans the second time in a month and beat Jack Lewis in a twelve-round bout to a referee decision. Lewis holds claim to the Southern championship. Murphy treated Orleanians to a combination of clever boxing, fighting and fast footwork. He has bouts pending in San Francisco, Los Angeles and New Orleans.

Joe Reno, Trenton welterweight, scored a win over Sailor Freedman of Chicago. Reno is given credit for eight rounds, the other two being even.

In the semi, Jimmy Willard beat Johnny De Marco. The bout was so fast and furious that these boys have been matched for a later show.

Johnny Oakey, Trenton middleweight, landed a left hook on Joe Bashara's jaw, sending the Philadelphian to the floor for the count of nine in the eighth and last round. By doing so he earned a draw, as up to the knock down Bashara held the edge.

Jesse Goss, negro lightweight of Trenton, put up a miserable showing against Johnny Mosley, formerly of Atlantic City but now from Salem, N. J.

Johnny Brennan, local flyweight, has been on the side lines for a couple of months due to a broken shoulder blade. He will resume training very shortly for bouts that are pending.

Cliff Smith's second outdoor show went over big. Give the fans what they want and they will surely turn out.

Jack Marfino, local sportsman who cleaned up on the Hudkins-Goldstein fight, says that he is going to put it all on Dempsey in his fight with Tunney.

IN AUSTRALIA
By R. A. CUMES

Australia's old man of the ring, Ern Waddy, handed over his title of heavyweight champion to Ern Sheppard after a very brief battle at Adelaide. Waddy's conqueror is an old hand at the game and a very mediocre fighter. That Waddy was the poorest champion to hold an Australian title and that Sheppard is even worse, makes one wonder why the promoters of the game in this country do not make the conditions more attractive at least to young fellows in the heavy class.

The most likely looking champion since the days of Darcy is Billy Edwards. Even at this early stage in his career some very good judges are hailing him as "another Darcy." Edwards' latest victory proves him the best 160-pounder in Australia. He sure looks like the goods.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILTON BARON

Pedro Campo, Philippine lightweight, arrived from Miami, Fla., to fight Armando Shakels, the Belgian champion, but on account of incessant rains the fight was postponed several times, and Campo was finally obliged to leave Havana.

Campo, has several bouts signed for Sidney, Australia for October, and there is every assurance that he will clean up in that port. Campo will then leave for his native country, Manila, Philippine Islands, where he will meet Elino Flores for the Philippine lightweight championship.

Larry Estridge, twice conqueror of Panama Joe Gans, proved a disappointment to Havana fans when he was decisively defeated in fifteen rounds by Kid Charol, the Cuban champion. Estridge scored well in the first round, but in the second round, when Charol caught him flush on the jaw with a right hook, the former colored middleweight king crawled into his shell and would not take another chance. It was plainly seen that had Estridge boxed with the Cuban, Charol would have knocked him out, as Estridge was reeling from the hard blows landed on his jaw and chin.

Kid Charol is a classy middleweight. His manager, Mario Cotillo, will shortly take him to the United States.

Cesar Moreda, in his second appearance, decisively defeated Jose Carasoo in four steaming rounds. Cesar is a promising lad, and possesses all the makings of a topnotcher.

Luis Pincho Gutierrez, Cuban boxing magnate, is now in New York. Pincho has with him Black Bill, the pride of Cuba, one of the best flyweights in the game today. Gutierrez also has under his wing Rolleaux Saguero, the Cuban 175-pound champion, Antolin Fierro, Cuban heavy is also with Pincho.

Eugene Fernandez, Spanish lightweight, known around Havana as the "Gallego," put up a corking battle with Ponce De Leon, welterweight champion. Fernandez made Ponce step his fastest, to cop the decision.

Joe Hernandez, known as "Pepe the Americano," is the Cuban "Joe Humphries." Pepe is the star bout announcer, and is one of the popular figures in boxing circles.

Rodolfo Diaz and Antonio Iglesias have stepped into the promoting business. The new firm of Diaz & Iglesias, has promised to furnish the fans with first-class programs.

Urbano Solera, flashy local lightweight, was unjustly disqualified in his bout with Francisco Trespalacios. Solera was winning by a wide margin and just as he had his man set out for a knockout, Trespalacios claimed a foul, and the fight was then awarded to Trespalacios.

Lew Tendler, clever southpaw flyweight, lost a close decision to Julian Herrera, local bantam. Both boys supplied plenty of fireworks, but Tendler gave away seven pounds, which proved too much of a handicap.

Sr. Hevia is another of the new promoters in Havana. The program in which Larry Estridge featured with Kid Charol was a complete sell out, and Mr. Hevia is busy right now with a program that he promises will be a corker.

Jesus Rodriguez, Spanish heavyweight, journeyed to Santiago de Cuba, where he knocked out Goyito, the Oriente heavyweight, in two rounds. Jesus was given a grand ovation, and immediately matched to meet Clemente Sanchez, the "Pantera de Camajuany." When Rodriguez returns to Havana he will be in big demand by the local promoters.

IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFMANN

Al Winkler, hard hitting lad handled by Jakey Freedman, put a stop to Angel Guidici's winning streak, when he stopped him in the third round recently at the West Manayunk open air club.

Johnny (Kid) Adams, a 120-pounder from Providence, has been working out in Philadelphia gyms, and will soon make his debut here. He is being looked after by Vincent Martin.

Judging by the way Harry Blitman, former Middle Atlantic A. A. U. bantamweight champion, has started off in his professional career, he is destined to have a big indoor season. He recently stopped Earle Sande at Atlantic City. It was Blitman's third conquest in as many starts.

Lew Tendler feels that he is not through by a long shot. The veteran southpaw, who twice fought Benny Leonard for the lightweight title, has been going very good since he staged his comeback.

Jack Daley, a former amateur star, who weighs around 112 pounds, is being gromed by Patrick L. Deeney. Daley has made his bow in Pro. ranks and looks promising.

Although he has been in harness for many years, Tim Droney, the rugged Lancaster fighter, is still flinging his fists. He has been keeping in shape all summer and intends to visit Phillie this fall for bouts.

Boxing fans who saw Tommy Herman knock out Leo (Kid) Roy in the second round at the Phillie's Ball Park, went away saying, "Oh, what a puncher." Herman carries a terrific kick. Tex Rickard was at the ringside when Herman put over his finish.

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TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

Canadian welterweight champion, George Fifield of Toronto, made a long trip to Sydney, Novia Scotia, and handed Jack McKenna, the Eastern Canadian champion, a licking in ten rounds. From Sydney George rode on to Halifax, where he stopped Joe Hartnet, in three rounds.

Willie Morrisey, dapper little matchmaker of the St. Charles, has been making attractive offers to Fidel LaBarba, to defend his laurels in Toronto against Alec Burlie, the Canadian champion. He raised his offer from $12,000 to $17,500 in an effort to give Burlie a chance for world's honors but La Barba refuses.

Speaking of Bobby Eber, it may be stated that the little fellow hied himself off to Chicago to try and establish himself in that city as he was unable to get any kind of work.

Tom Dyer, story-teller extraordinary, writes to say that he has discovered a very promising heavyweight in Kitchener. Tom should know a prospect when he sees one, as he was a pretty fair welterweight fighter himself in his day, when he was meeting the best in his class.

Tommy Mitchell, fast moving Canadian lightweight, started the season well when he dashed off to Syracuse and won a bout.

Willie Morrisey and other promoters are making valiant efforts to stabilize the game here, for the coming season. Some high-class cards are scheduled for the future.

Steve Rocco, international amateur flyweight champion, will very probably turn pro this season.

IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Dick Curtain, Lebanon lightweight is craving for action.

Carl Young is another boy who seeks action among the welters. Young's last fight was a clean cut victory over Freddy Washington, of Philadelphia.

Johnny Gill, York's veteran middleweight, is training for a comeback.

Leo Houck, former middleweight boxer of Lancaster, who is now filling the role of referee, is being boosted by many fans for referee of the Dempsey-Tunney fuss. Leo is one of the most popular referees around these parts.

Charles Cunningham has been issued a license to promote boxing shows in Lancaster.

"Tiger" Thomas of Harrisburg, rocked Mike Shultz of Philadelphia to sleep in twenty seconds of the first round at Atlantic City last month.

Joe Kuhns of Reading, is coming along at a rapid pace since turning Pro.

Battling Levinsky, veteran light-heavyweight will try to stage a comeback at Reading the latter part of this month when he hooks up with Tom Madden, of New York, for ten rounds.

Benny Perry, Hazleton bantamweight, is training hard for several matches.

BUCKEYE BIFFS
By ART CARLSON

Cleveland fans are still chirping about the tasty trimming their townsman, Johnny Farr, handed the much-touted Chick Suggs in the Forest City recently. Farr not only whipped the colored spade, but handed him a decisive trouncing.

It was the best fight the Clevelander has put on in a long stretch. It was a real surprise, too, coming right on the heels of his miserable showing against Benny Bass of Philadelphia. But Farr ripped into the dark-skinned lad right from the pop-off and kept it up all the way.

You may expect to hear considerable about another one of those Filipino typhoons in the near future. I refer to Johnny Hill, a little bantam, who has put up several nifty fights in the Buckeye State. Not long ago he literally buried Jimmy Mendo, a pretty good battler, under an avalanche of hefty wallops. Hill can hit and is fast. Like most men of his race, he's exceptionally aggressive. Keep your optics on this boy Johnny Hill.

Johnny Risko, referred to as "the rubberman from Cleveland," is taking things rather easy these days. True, John is meeting a few second-raters now and then, but only as a way in which to keep in condition. Risko, the one-time baker boy, who fought Delaney, Berlenbach, Stribling and McTigue within a period of a few short weeks, hopes to get another crack against one of the top-notchers in the fall. His pilot, the chattering Danny Dunn, has several matches in view at the present time.

Tommy Freeman, Cleveland's outstanding championship possibility these days, has been spending most of the summer at his camp on the shores of Lake Erie. Tommy is out for some big (pugilistic) game this fall. He'd like to get a shot at Pete Latzo's welter wreath before many more months slip along. Many of Tom's admirers believe he'd stand a splendid chance against Latzo—at least, he would be anything but a setup for the Scranton coal-heaver. Cleveland hasn't boasted a champion since the days of Johnny Kilbane, who ruled the feather roost for eleven years or so. Now the Forest City fans are looking to Freeman to bring the town another title.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

Outdoor boxing has been anything but a marked success in Buffalo and other Western New York cities this Summer. Lack of attractive matches and local boxers accepting more lucrative offers from other cities are given as reasons why the fans are not taking their old time interest in the glove sport.

Among the good ones calling Buffalo their home are Jimmy Slattery, colorful and youthful light-heavyweight; Frankie Schoell, welterweight title contender; Tommy Ryan, bantamweight star; Jimmy Goodrich and Rocky Kansas, both former lightweight champions and Art Weigand, southpaw light-heavyweight, who is maging 'em all sit up and take notice in his division.

Topnotch fighters in any division who plan to come to Buffalo, box a local lad and pick a soft one are oftentimes badly fooled. In fact many of the champions would lose their titles to some of the boys mentioned above.

Tommy Ryan gave Bushy Garham the hardest battle of Bushey's sensational career at Utica recently. Graham won the "duke" at the end of this thrilling match. Ryan is now in Texas.

When Tommy gets back from the Lone Star state he will, in all likelihood, box Chick Suggs in New York City. He also hopes to get another crack at Bud Taylor in Buffalo or Chicago.

Frankie Schoell defeated Billy Ryan at Cincinnati on Aug. 23 in ten rounds. Schoell was all over his man and won on points handily. Schoell is after a crack at Mickey Walker, Joe Dundee or the champion, Pete Latzo, whom he twice defeated before Peter acquired the title.

Bobby Tracey defeated Mike Carroll; Lou Scozza won from Bad Jeff and Frankie Garcia (Young Graham) won from Charlie Pinto in bouts at the Baseball Stadium.

Art Weigand defeated Ted Moore, British middleweight, in a red-hot ten rounder for the Velodrome Club on Aug. 17.

Weigand is anxious to engage in a ten or fifteen round match with Jimmy Slattery. He hopes to get a crack at the First Ward star this Winter.

Good lightweight boxers can land in a fine spot for boxing by getting in touch with Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES
By DUKE BARRY

Jack Britton, former welterweight champion of the world, made a successful comeback in a Miami ring, when he beat Red M'Lachlin, formerly of Saginaw, Mich.

"Cowboy Frankie Osner Wins Again." This heading on the sport pages of Miami newspapers is a common occurrence in local fight circles. The Oklahoma youth has yet to taste defeat since he arrived in Florida. His latest victim was Joe Carlo of Philadelphia.

Petey Sarron, the former Birmingham flyweight made an exceptionally good showing when he assayed his second bout, that with Genaro Pino, the flyweight champion of Cuba, and held the clever Pino to a draw. Sarron is an aggressive little cuss and carried the fight all the way through.

Jimmy "Humty" Mason, the former New Orleans trainer, manager and talkative booster of boxing has returned to Miami, and is touting Garner Johns, the Tampa fiyweight into fast time company.

Enrique Valdes, the mite of a Cuban boxer and one of the cleverest ringsters that the writer has ever saw in action will be one of the coming attractions in Florida rings.

Miami running two clubs, is about the busiest fight center in the state at present. St. Petersburg, through the American Legion is going strong. Key West promotes a show occasionally. West Palm Beach, and Tampa are at present idle.

IN IOWA RINGS
By BOB WAGNER

Leo Genet of Barberton, Ohio, beat Joe Yanger of Des Moines in six fast rounds at Riverview Park Des Moines.

Jimmy Dundee of Williamson Ia., won a four round decision over Battling Owens, Jasper Jenning and Hyman Weisman boxed four rounds to a draw.

Emil Morro, Sioux City Middleweight beat Floyd Bowers of Conrad, in a fast six round bout at Waterloo.

Harry Soo Quong Bill, Des Moines and Sid Kelly of Milwaukee boxed six rounds to a draw at Milwaukee, Wis.

Jimmy Ryan and Joe Yanger, local welters, boxed six rounrs at Riverview Park, Des Moines. Honors were even at the finish.

Geo. Freeline of Ft. Des Moines and Wally Dempsey of St. Paul went through eight rounds of clinching at the Des Moines A. C. with Dempsey getting the better holds.

Jimmy Erigh and Jimmy Dundee both local boys boxed a fast four round draw at Riverview Park. In the other four round bout Kid Carpentier beat Joe Thorpe another local boy.

Harry Soo Quong Bill eosily beat Joey Weiss in their six round bout at Milwaukee.

Sailor Larson of Rock Island won by a shade over Babe Ridley of Chicago in six rounds at Waterloo.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.
By PATSY DONOVAN

Jimmy Ryan defeated Jack Braunstein in the feature 12 rounder here on August 3. Billy Drako Knocked out Danny Rodgers in the 10 round semi-final.

Bobby Marriott easily defeated Joe Bashara in the main event on Aug. 10. Eddie Buell won over Billy Parish in the eight-round semi-final.

Young Musie from Brookland, N. Y. substituting for Frankie Fink, made a good fight against Babe Ruth over the 12-round route here on Aug. 24. Willie Ptomey, Army and Navy Middleweight Champion, fought an eight-round draw with Bud Nolan. Jack Turner knocked out Willey Curry in five rounds, Sylvan Bass defeated Charley Barber in eight rounds and Eddie Healy won over Frankie Engleheart in the four round opener. This bout was also a hummer.

Texas Stovall and Bud Nolan boxed an eight round draw in the feature bout at the Beaver Dam Club. Al Stevens and Johnnie Myres boxed a six round draw. Buster Dundee and Sammy Hogan also boxed a fast one. Joe Filla and Joe Black put up a hurricane four rounder with each hitting the canvas several times. Black won the decision. Johnnie Walker and Joe Walker boxed on even terms. Kid Woodie knocked out two duskie opponents in less than one round. A Battle Royal opened the show.

Texas Stovall surprised the Baltimore fight fans by severely lacing Nic Bass at Carlins Park on Aug. 30. Sammy Hogan lost a close one to Sid Lampie in the six-round special event. In the feature bout Vince Dundee, brother of Joe, beat Alex Hart of Cleveland.

On Aug. 31, at the Kennilworth Arena, Heinie Miller presented the "Battle of the Potomac" in Al Foreman the Ft. Myer Soldier boy and Goldie Ahern local pride. Foreman knocked out his opponent who took a real pasting.

WE STAND CORRECTED

Dear Sir—A question was asked in the September issue of The Ring by a Lou Burns, who wanted to know the nationality of Jimmy Mendoza. Your answer was: "Hebrew." This is wrong.

His father was born in the old Fourth Ward in New York City and grew up from early boyhood in old Greenwich Village of Cuban descent. His mother was of Irish descent. Jimmy's mother was born and raised in Greenwich Village of Irish born parents. Jimmy was born at No. 55 Morton Street, New York City, in the rear of Mayor Walker's home.

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IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By JULES D. BECK

With the Fall season approaching, the boxing clubs throughout this locality are making preparations for a gala indoor season. Johnny McGarvey of the Motor Square Club in Pittsburgh is busy lining up some stars. The Majestic Club at McKeesport, with Jimmy McGirr as matchmaker, is also busy with preparations to inaugurate the season.

Cuddy Demarco "The Charleroi Sheik" is certainly setting a pace for other lightweights. Cuddy is about the busiest lightweight in the country. He has been fighting at Erie, Philadelphia, Atlantic City and New York State in succession, and meeting with great success.

Tommy Maxwell, the Erie promoter, is showing other Pittsburgh promoters something in the nature of sportsmanship. Erie, itself has hundreds of boxers in its neighborhood, but Maxwell is certainly showing, and giving the Pittsburgh boys the preference. Maxwell of late, has featured nothing but all star cards, and has been meeting with success. Some of the boys he uses are as follows: Cuddy Demarco, Tony Ross, Bobby Young, Hugh Mason, Pee Wee Donald, Joe Rivers, Tony Norman, Andy Tomasky, and others and they all have been giving a good account of themselves.

New Kensington was the scene of a good boxing show recently. Sid Olcott the Speedway promoter, acting in the capacity of matchmaker. Willie Davies and Tony Norman were the main bout principals. Davies K. O.'d Norman in the ninth round. Kid Carpentier and Patsy Gallagher furnished the eight round semi-final.

Billy Myers, McKeesport's redhead flyweight, has recently returned from a month's training in a Military Training Camp, and is on keen edge to tackle the leading flyweights that the writer may book. Promoters who care to use this boy may write to the writer of this column. Myers is a classy little scrapper, and has appeared at Atlantic City, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and has always given a good account of himself.

Jackie Frommee of Pittsburgh, has made a wonderful comeback after an absence from the squared circle of two years. Jackie has fought several battles at Johnstown, and New Kensington with success.

IN SOUTHEASTERN KANSAS
By JESS RESNER

Ed (K. O.) Smith, recognized heavyweight champion of the southwest, successfully definded his title at Neodesha, Kans., by stopping the Oklahoma heavyweight champion, Buster Martin, in 4 rounds.

In the ten round semi-final Jimmie Carter Chanute and Joe Kopfer of Clay Center, staged one of the most terrific slugging matches ever witnessed in this part of the state. Both fighters decorated the canvass several times, it was a fight that had the fans on their feet every second.

The opening fight ended in the eighth round, when the referee awarded the bout to Kansas (Kid) Easter on a (technical K. O.) over Battling Buichell. The Kansas Kid had the Neodesha battler on the floor six times during the bout.

Ed (K. O.) Smith has met with success the past four months. He stopped five out of the six heavies. Buck Brady, Soldier Lettner, Al Norton, Jack Curley and Buster Martin all took the count from the sledge hammer blows of the Argo Blacksmith.

Smith won every round from Dale (Big Chief) Korems of Needles, Cal., at Picher, Okla.

In the semi-final Frankie Lloyd stopped Pat O'Malley in five rounds. They are feathers.

Henry Neninger welterweight, known as the Joplin Bearcat, hung the K. O. on Kid Smith in one round.

Tip Welch, welter of Joplin, Mo., and Chas. Muller of Liberty, Kans., headed the main event at Cherryvale and Muller was credited with a K. O. in the eighth round when Welch was unable to come up for the ninth. Kid Parker, Cherryvale feather, won from Kid Moore of Chanute, in the sixth round semi-windup. Farmer Billings was stopped in three rounds by Bat Stewart.

Al Webster won a decision over Warnie Smith a few weeks ago at Ponca City, Okla. This is the second time Webster has defeated the Oklahoma battler over the ten-round route. Sid Young and Leonard Fox fought ten rounds to a draw in the semi-final.

Pat Corbett won a close decision from Tommy Irvine at Oklahoma City two weeks ago.

Bradford Simmons, colored heavyweight of Tulsa, scored a one round K. O. over old Sam Langford at Drumright, Okla.

Eddie Murdock won a decision from Kid Cole in ten rounds at Drumright, Okla. The boys were fighting for the featherweight championship of the State. Kid Cole retained his title as Murdock failed to make the weight.

IN ALABAMA
By S. P. CARPRI

At the Birmingham Athletic Club, Jack Dean of Bessemer, knocked out Irish Patsy Cline of Atlanta, in the third round. They are welterweights. Young Battling Kelly, Birmingham, fought a ten round draw with Bennie Ray, Jacksonville. In two four rounders, Red Alford beat Young Harris and Battling Bozo won over W. T. Pibern.

Mike Romano, of Italy, lost his first bout here by a foul to Paul Sharpe, of Harrisburn, Miss., at the American Legion Stadium, in Meridan, Miss.

Claude Wilson, Southern featherweight champion, won the decision over Bennie Ray in ten rounds at the Birmingham A. C. Red Alford, featherweight, knocked out Red Burke in five rounds. Battling Bozo defeated Sam Lavoy in a six rounder. They are lightweights.

Claude Wilson successfully defended his Southern feather title, by trimming Tommy Jones at Jacksonville.

FROM GEORGIA
By COLEMAN McGRILL

One of the most thrilling bouts the Atlanta fight fans ever witnessed was the ten rounder between Hollis Sullivan and Tommy Jones, both local favorites, at the Flowers-McCrery show here. Tommy, in the final round, uncorked a Jack Delaney punch that connected right on the chin of Sullivan and floored him three times. The bell ended the round with Sullivan out but Jones had to be content with a point decision.

That Tommy Jones is gradually making a name for himself in these parts is having a telling effect the way he is being offered bouts from all boxing clubs in the South, he is by far the outstanding 126 pounder in the South.

Pete Cole of Rome, Ga., outpointed Trooper Clayton in 8 rounds in Knoxville, Tenn.

WITH REGRETS

OWING to the large number of photographs used in this special Dempsey-Tunney heavyweight championship number, the Publisher of The Ring found it necessary to eliminate many columns of boxing notes from many localities and to reduce notes from sections used. The usual allotment of space for these notes will be made in the next and all subsequent issues.

Battling Finch of Savannah, Ga., scored a three round knockout over Tom O'Rourke of Atlanta.

Judge Horning, Savannah welter, knocked out Soldier Bramer in seven rounds of a scheduled ten round bout.

Syd Taylor who is now making his home in Atlanta, scored a point decision over Dick White of Columbus, Ga.

Larry Avera, Southern junior welter champion, showed the effects of being overworked when he had to take the short end of a decision over Arthur Shekels, the Belgian welterweight in Tampa, Florida.

Tommy Jones and Claude Wilson, Birmingham featherweights, fought a hair raising ten round draw in Jacksonville, Fla.

Pinkie May defeated Harry Allen in ten rounds.

Pal Shoaf, another Savannah youngster who is handled by Jack Sheahan, displayed his wares in a Savannah ring and was awarded a decision over Harry Allen.

Jake Abel, former Southern popular welterweight, who is now the owner of the Wilmot Hotel in Atlanta, officiated in the recent fight between Tiger Flowers and Battling McCrery, which Flowers easily won, and Jake proved himself a capable official.

Frankie Murphy who has shown his wares in Atlanta several years, before going to the Pacific Coast, is now back in Atlanta.

IN ST. AUGUSTINE

St. Augustine, the ancient city, is the newest entry in the boxing game in Florida. The American Legion with Billy McGee as matchmaker have been staging some good bouts and with good attendances. By fall St. Augustine will be recognized in the state as a real boxing center and will be using some of the best boys in the south and the state.

The recent all-star show resulted with Lou Vida, welter, gaining a knockout over Kid Gilmore of Jacksonville in the eighth. Bill Wilden, lightweight, fought a draw with Kid Irving of Chicago, 10 rounds. Panama Cook, former bantam champ of Central and South America, fought a 10 round draw with Kid Crosby of Spartanburg, S. C.

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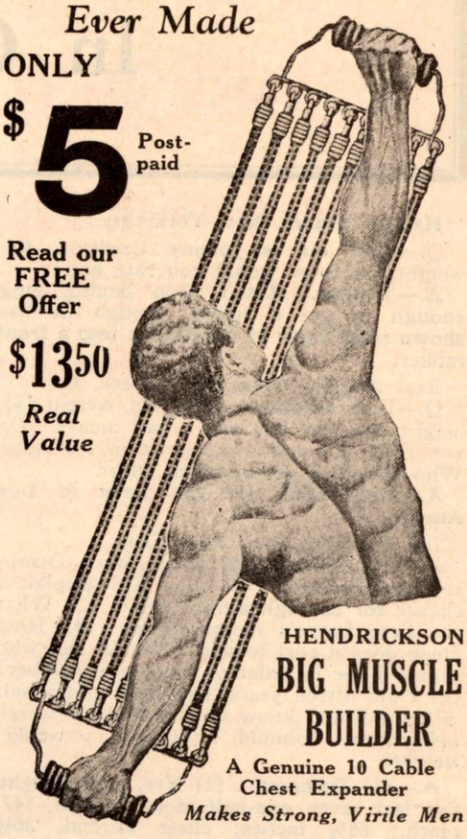

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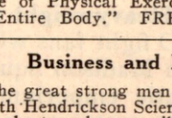

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In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Harlem Reader, New York City.

Q.—How old is Johnny Erickson, flyweight, and how would you rate him?

A.—Twenty. Hasn't been boxing long enough to get a rating, though he has shown some signs of developing into a front ranker.

Earl Angelle, Huntington Park, Cal.

Q.—I am seventeen years old, weight 113, height, five feet five and a half inches. Do you think I could make good in the ring? Who should I get in touch with?

A.—Yes. Look up Joe Levy in Los Angeles.

Len Berbgut, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who would win between Dempsey and Tunney? (2) Has Kid Kaplan a chance for the lightweight title? (3) What are Pete Latzo's measurements (4) How much does it cost to join A. A. U. and who should I see in order to become a member? (5) I am fifteen years, five eight and a half inches tall and know how to box. I weigh 144 pounds. Should I become a welterweight?

A.—(1) Dempsey. (2) Yes. (3) Height, five feet seven one-half inces; weight, 147; reach,; 68½ inches; chest normal, 36½ chest expanded, 39½; waist, 34½; biceps, 13; forearm, 11½; wrist, 7¼; thigh, 20½; calf, 14; ankle, 8; (4) Look up Ben Levine, No. 305 Broadway. (5) Yes.

Warren Wells, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—I want to box as an amateur. I am twenty-five years old. According to my measurements, am I too thin to box? Height, five feet seven and a half inches; weight, 122 to 126 pounds; reach, 69 inches; neck, 14; chest normal, 34; chest expanded, 36; waist, 28; biceps, 10; forearm, 10½; wrist, 6 7/8; thigh, 19; calf, 13; ankle, 8¼.

A.—No.

An Interested Reader, Louisville, Ky.

Q.—How many times did Harry Fay and Paul Berlenbach fight while they were amateurs, and what were the results?

A.—Once. Paul knocked him out in one heat.

A Fight Fan, New York City.

Q.—How does Babe Orlando rate in the junior welterweight division? (2) Will Johnny Dundee fight again? (3) How does Joe Zink rate?

A.—(1) Fifth rater. (2) Certainly. Only a few nights ago Dundee whipped Fred Bretonnel with one hand. (3) Fifth rater.

Paul Argentinc, Fresno, Cal.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Frankie Schoell, Red Chapman, Honeyboy Finnegan, Al Corbett, Andy Divodi, Joe Dillon, Frankie Murray, Joe Celmars, Harry Kahn, Connie Curry, Ace Hudkins, Jimmy Russo, Cuddy DeMarco, Joe Lazarus?

A.—German, Hebrew, Irish, Irish, Italian, Italian, Italian, Polish, Hebrew, Irish, Irish, Italian, Italian, Hebrew.

Reader, Passaic, N. J.

Q.—Is it true that the Italians will be the leading fighters by 1930?

A.—Ask Mussolini, he knows.

Sammy Weiss, New York City.

Q.—How old is Johnny Kochansky? How long has he been fighting? How many decisions does he hold over Joe Glick? Do you think he can whip Glick today? How is he rated as a boxer?

A.—He is about twenty-two years old Has been boxing five years. Holds no decisions over Glick. No. Third rater.

A Reader, New York.

Q.—(1) Will Jack Delaney beat Berlenbach in another bout? Could he defeat Greb? What are his measurements? Who are some of the old timers he could have defeated? (2) Who would win between Wills and Willard, and Wills and Jeffries?

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

Jack Sharkey, New England heavyweight champ was invited to Jack Dempsey's camp to assist the champion to round into shape for his bout with Tunney but Boston Jack declined with thanks.

Jimmy Maloney, South Boston's strong boy has been stepping along in good style and is now ready for any of the big fellows. He stopped Charley Weinert in his last start.

Jack Murphy, the well known promoter of the Casino A. C., Lynn, plans to reopen his club this month for a fall and winter campaign. Jack has done much for boxing along the North Shore and his club is always well patronized.

Johnny Harko, the Manchester New Hampshire boy who has cut capers in N. H., rings with great success for some time past is out with a defy to Red Chapman, Dick Finnegan or Sammy Fuller and there are many fans in this section who think he could give any of these worthies an evenings work and then some.

Young Montreal, that old veteran from Providence is in strict training for a comeback to the game he loves so well and for a starter he is matched with a real performer, Bushy Graham, the Utica boy who looks like big league timber.

Johnny and Jimmy Scully the fighting brothers from South Boston are getting in shape for bouts their mentor, Fred Wiederhold has in view for them. Jimmy defeated tough Johnny Troy in his last start. Both boys are rough, tough performers and capable of giving their opponents plenty of opposition.

MINNESOTA NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

Ernie Fliegel of Minneapolis outpointed Joey Sangor. Sammy Leonard of Minneapolis was K. O'd by Johnny O'Donnell of St. Paul and Stewart McLean of St. Paul and King Tut of Minneapolis fought a hectic bout here in the Minneapolis Athletic Club.

Eddie Shea of Chicago is one lad that the fans of the twin cities would like to see in action here.

Wally Dempsey, light heavyweight of St. Paul met George Fredlin at Des Moines twice during the past month, losing one bout and getting a draw in the other.

Pete Rieves has sent his welterweight, Jackie Conway to Chicago with Mike Connolly.

Russell Husten is laid up with some hip trouble.

Kid Silk, a flyweight, is the nearest thing to perpetual motion around here among the little fellows.

Harry Wills, the colored heavy champion was a Boston visitor the past month with his manager Paddy Mullins. Harry sparred three exhibition rounds with his partner, Jeff Clark under the auspices of the colored Shriners who were in convention here. Paddy is no stranger to these parts for it was here his former protege Mike O'Dowd dropped his title much to Paddy's disgust. A great oldtimer for all that and just as loquacious as ever.

AS WE SEE IT

(*Continued from page 28*)

that in future there shall be no conflict of authority."

* * *

Fine Heavyweight Prospects

TEN THOUSAND fight fans who attended recent heavyweight bouts in Madison Square Garden in New York left that famous fistic emporium with one impression—that the class at least contains a sufficient number of prospects to make it certain that the dearth of the past few years has come to an end, and that henceforth we may expect as keen competition in that division as we have had in every other class.

What with Monte Munn of Nebraska, Harry Persson of Sweden, Europe's champion, Knute Hanson, the Danish title holder, Jack Dorval, Jack Sharkey of Boston, Paul Berlanbach and Jack Renault, in addition to the leaders of the class, Jack Dempsey, Harry Wills and Gene Tunney, the present crop of heavies is the finest we have had in more than five years.

Of the latest crop, the three most promising are Monte Munn, who left the state Legislature of Nebraska to make his mark in the field of fistiana; Harry Persson and Knut Hansen. In Munn, Dan Hickey has the next world's heavyweight champion. We predict that if Tunney wins the world's title and he consents to meet Munn a yea: from now, a new world's title holder will be crowned.

As for Persson, he has the finest right hand wallop we have seen in a heavyweight in the past six years, and for his weight and height he is exceptionally fast and clever, is great at blocking, and can both give and take. He should make big strides in his American invasion, and if properly handled, should make it hot for the best in his class, not even barring Harry Wills and Tunney.

Knute Hansen, like Munn and Persson, is a fellow with a fine future. He is a tremendous hitter and has all the earmarks of a fighter of the first class. He shows extreme coolness, calculates his blows and shows himself a keen student in judging an opponent.

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